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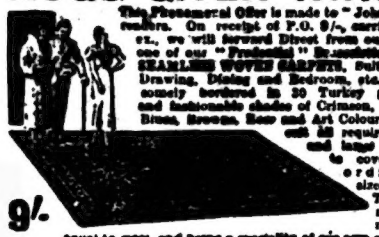

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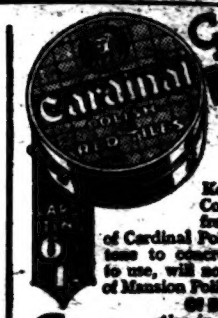

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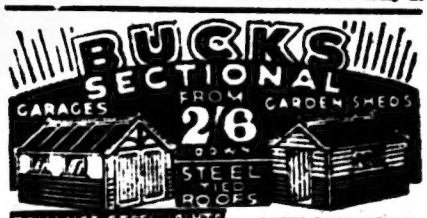

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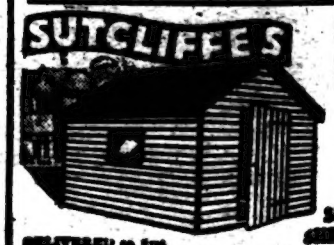

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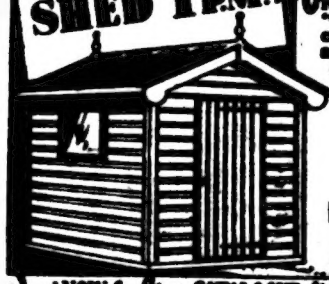

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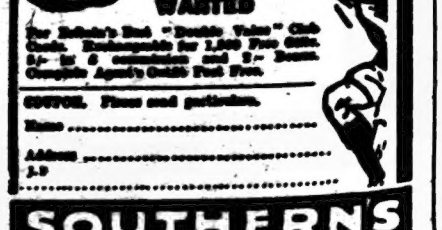

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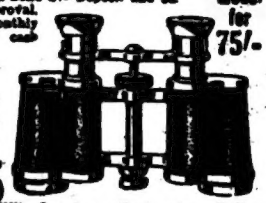

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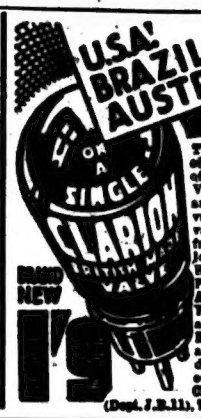

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

The Agony of Mr. Gooch

ALL'S well on the Housing Front!

So shout the Government propagandists. If you have been persuaded to believe them you have been deceived.

The figures about the progress of the plans for the rehousing of the people, although presented impressively with skilful showmanship, represent not advancement, but retrogression. The housing situation is worse than it was sixteen years ago, even in the districts where most has been achieved.

The reason is that not only has the provision of dwellings been totally insufficient for the country's original needs, but new slum and overcrowded and insanitary areas are developing so fast that the margin between supply and demand of good accommodation becomes wider.

Worse still, private landlords in every part of the country are bringing their influence successfully to bear on local authorities to put the brake on the Government's inadequate housing programme. The property owners are scared by the slight fall that has already taken place in the value of bricks and mortar. They are exercising every ounce of pressure to maintain an artificial shortage of houses so that values will not drop further.

A cameo of what the consequences can be is presented in the following story. It should carry meaning to the nation. It should disturb the conscience of Christian England.

Twenty years ago this week Private Herbert Gooch, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, was living in a dug-out on the Western Front. He was then commended in Army Orders for exceptional bravery in the furnace of the Somme.

THIS week Mr. Gooch, now a man of fifty-four, is still to be found living in a dug-out—this time not on the Somme, but in a Kentish field. And with him live his wife, his father and his mother, the latter both over eighty years of age. They have been occupying this crude home for ten weeks, without water and fire for warmth or cooking and exposed by day and night to the winds and the rains.

No, Herbert Gooch and his family are not naturally primitive people. He is of good yeoman breeding and with fine principles, an excellent workman and a good citizen. From the vicar of his parish, John Bull has received a letter describing Gooch's qualities in high terms, and a number of Kent farmers give splendid testimony to his character and industry.

The "homes for heroes" promise has for long been a sad jest. Any shred of sincerity which may have clung to it must fall away when the public learns the grim story of the homelessness and the recent experiences of Gooch and his kin.

Because the owner required it for his own purposes, Mr. and Mrs. Gooch and his aged parents had to give up possession of their home at a farm in the Knatt Valley of Kent, near Sevenoaks, where they have lived and worked all their lives. They scoured the countryside for other accommodation, but none was to be had. Landlords in the county had many vacant houses to sell, but none to let.

"I have fought and suffered before in defence of my home, and will do so again," said ex-soldier Gooch. A remarkable picture taken when the police called to supervise the demolition of Gooch's home

Then Gooch asked the local council to provide him with a dwelling. They told him, as countless other people in Britain are told, that none was or would be available. Landlords in the district object to the council building more than a scanty supply of houses. They fear a big supply because of its effect on prices and rents.

The fact that Gooch was an ex-soldier with a magnificent war record and had been disabled by wounds and shell shock has counted for nought.

The man set about building a home of his own on a small plot of barren ground which he obtained on lease for six shillings weekly. The rent has been paid regularly.

The nucleus of the home was an old omnibus body which Gooch bought for £30. The interior of the bus, when cleared and partitioned, made two small rooms. Alongside, at a further cost of £25, other rooms and outhouses were built on.

GOOCH never dreamed, of course, of making this a permanent habitation. He regarded it as only a makeshift, as comfortable as anything of the kind could be, and convenient because it was near his place of employment. He never ceased in his demands to the council for a proper home. Always he was met with flat refusal and an intimation that no more houses were to be built.

Then the council decided that he and his wife and their aged relatives should have no home at all. It was an affront to them and the local landlords that Gooch should have dared to show his independence.

One afternoon, ten weeks ago, a strange procession wended its way through the lanes of Kent and entered Knatt Valley. It was led by a motor-cyclist scout in uniform. Next, in a motor-car, were some police officers, also in uniform. Behind, in a limousine, rode a party of officials. Further behind was a motor lorry carrying six navvies, sledgehammers, crowbars and pickaxes. The rear was brought up by two refuse vans.

The cavalcade wheeled into the field where Gooch and his family had their home. Someone produced an order for its demolition.

Mr. Gooch remarked quietly that he had fought and suffered once before in defence of his home and he would fight again. He was told that if he did so on this occasion the police in attendance would be asked to draw their truncheons.

A signal was given and the navvies went into action with their sledgehammers and picks. In fifteen minutes the home was battered to the ground like matchwood. Even the kitchen was knocked down and a tank of precious water was emptied. The furniture and other fittings of the household that were not destroyed then have perished since by exposure in the field.

At the end the refuse vans were brought forward. They were loaded up with the debris of what had once been Gooch's home. When the man protested that the ruins were at least his property, he was informed that the stuff was to be sold to pay the cost of demolition.

SO, for ten weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Gooch and their two eighty-year-old relatives have lived in a dug-out in the meadow where the wind and the rain beat in upon them. People at near-by farmhouses cook their food, but can allow them only one bottle of water per day.

Mr. Gooch has again asked the council what it means to do. This time he has been offered a house—*the workhouse*, ten miles away from his employment.

The cost to the ratepayers of keeping the Gooch family in the workhouse would be £5 16s. weekly. That represents a capital sum sufficient to build a score of working-class houses. Such argument, however, has no effect.

All that matters is that private landlords object to more houses being built with public money and they must be satisfied, whatever the consequences.

A land fit for heroes to live in! Can you wonder that ex-Private Gooch smiles bitterly when he thinks of those old days on the Somme!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Time to Give the Blind a Fair Deal!

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD does a really good deed in heeding that most pathetic of appeals: "Help the Blind!"

He helps them by resolving to give them the old-age pension at forty instead of fifty. He must help them still further.

Now, without delay, he must remove the grievance which will be voiced by the great army of sightless persons next month in a march on London from all parts of the country.

Unfair

Just as it is almost impossible for a blind person to find employment after the age of forty, so it is cruelly difficult for thousands of blind people—of all ages—to live on the pittance doled out to them by the local authorities.

The position, briefly, is this: Each county and county borough council makes a weekly grant to the blind in its area to save them from pauperism and the poor law institution.

But the amount of this grant varies, most unfairly from district to district.

Discrimination

In fact, it depends upon the generosity or parsimony of the local rulers.

In many areas the elderly blind receive only half-a-crown a week in addition to the old-age pension. Welfare workers, touched to the quick by their poverty and brave fight against despair, may do their utmost to get them an extra shilling or two a week—but usually they try in vain.

And, too often, the plight of the younger blind is even more tragic.

Atrocious wages

Many of them try to make ends meet by executing private orders for basket-work and similar wares—work which may yield them a profit of only threepence or fourpence a day.

Yet the sightless in a few districts—such as Essex—are comparatively well treated. They have the good luck to be under the supervision of a humane body of councillors.

It is this glaring difference in treatment which prompts the determination of thousands of afflicted people to march upon Whitehall in a few weeks' time.

His chance

We appeal to the Minister of Health, therefore, to use his great influence in securing a standard grant, so that no longer will one man receive a shilling and his neighbour an adequate allowance.

If the meaner local authorities refuse to fall into line, then Sir Kingsley must ask Parliament to intervene. At the same time, he would do well to investigate certain charities which, though ostensibly existing for the purpose of helping the sightless, devote only an infinitesimal proportion of their funds to this end.

Above all, he must act quickly!

Oil warning

Sir John Cadman's warning that oil resources may be exhausted in twenty years will not be lost upon the Government.

For Sir John is chief of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., in which the Government has a controlling interest.

And we may expect a bit more interest in the oil-from-coal experiments, which have been so stupidly neglected in the past.

Surprising

We are glad that solicitors who engage in "accident tout" business after October 1 may be struck off the rolls.

We are also surprised that it has taken the Law Society so many years to respond to our demand for action.

Money making

The "scrap and build" subsidy scheme in the shipbuilding industry is doing a lot of good—to foreigners.

In order to get the Government's help, British firms are buying up old foreign ships to scrap, at prices very favourable

On the "Dole" to Buy a Car

Shylocks at their Worst

A fair allowance for one blind man; a pittance for his neighbour—the inequality that must be ended

to the owners. And foreign manufacturers are supplying much of the iron, steel rivets and other material used to build the new vessels.

Still, the Government doesn't mind subsidising foreign firms. Look at the millions it gave to Dutch investors under the sugar subsidy.

Car on the "dole"

If there's little humanity in the operations of the "dole," there's still less sense.

Last week we told you of 9,000 men wrongly refused benefit. This week introduces a man who drew benefit for the sole purpose of saving up for a motor-car.

Sir Maurice Jenks, at the Guildhall, sends him to jail. None will be more pleased at that than those genuinely "on the dole."

Home of heroes

We read that at *Clydebank*, birthplace of the *Queen Mary*, there is a tenement with a pool of stagnant water underneath it. Occupants complain that their children are always ill, though the fire brigade occasionally pumps the water away.

Maybe the proper remedy would be forthcoming if the authorities were given a dose of that stagnant liquid.

Driving them mad

The discovery that many cases of mental disorder result from scholars overworking for examinations should induce the Board of Education to speed up its homework enquiry.

In a recent circular, the Board recognise the ill-effects of excessive homework on secondary school children.

What is really needed, as we have said before, is an end of the evil rather than an endless discussion of it.

Peril on the sea

Why are so many British ships lost at sea?

The authorities would do well to think of the small whaler, sunk in collision near Plymouth on a dark night with the loss of two lives, which was lighted by a cycle lamp at the masthead, a torch on one side, and a candle in a box at the stern!

The crew were crazy to sail in such circumstances, of course. But why were they allowed to?

They slept

The rehousing tragedy is far from played out.

It is urgently necessary for Newcastle-on-Tyne to build 104 tenement blocks. The need is admitted by the local rulers.

Tenements are a poor subsitute for proper homes, but the Newcastle council insists that even these must be of the cheapest. The lowest tender they have got is £769 per tenement. Cheap enough in all conscience, you may think.

Too dear, however, for Newcastle. They have decided that the homeless and the slum-dwellers must wait.

And while the council debated, certain members were seen to be asleep. One snored loudly through the piece.

Worse than Shylocks

It's ironic that one of the most profitable forms of business in the distressed areas is the collection of debts.

Complaints still reach us (particularly from South Wales) of the unscrupulous methods of professional collectors. Shylock was a philanthropist compared with some of these gentry.

If their frightened victims would insist on court proceedings they would have their case reviewed by a humane judge and not be asked to pay more than they could afford.

Job for father

While accompanying a political demonstration in East London, a police inspector hears a boy of sixteen say: "Let's give it to them when they get to the square."

He sees that the boy has a piece of brass tubing covered with rubber; on him is found a membership card of the British Union of Fascists.

The boy is charged; then discharged under the Probation Act. But let us hope an old-fashioned spanking awaits him at home.

Someone grows rich

A Cambridgeshire fruit-grower tells us that last week he sent seventy-seven chips of plums to market (a chip is a 12-lb. basket). After transport and other charges, he received just 6d. in payment. But, as the baskets cost him 2d. each, he was actually 12s. 8d. out of pocket.

At the same time, plums were being sold at 4d. and 6d. a pound in some shops.

So it's evidently not the grower who grows rich at the public expense.

Hitting the maimed

Workmen's compensation seems to be as full of meanness as the Means Test.

Lancashire cotton operatives, when disabled, often receive only quarter pay instead of the statutory half pay. Why? Because they are only allowed to operate two looms instead of four while they are working.

Their wage for a full week's work is therefore half the normal, and their compensation is in turn half that.

To suggest that injury to a half-time man is only half as serious as in the case of a full-time worker is a quibble—and a heartless one.

No time to live

Bournemouth firemen undoubtedly exist, but they don't get much time to live. They are on duty twenty-four hours a day seven days a week, with every eighth day for rest and a week-end off once in six weeks.

True, conditions are as bad in many other fire brigades, but at least wealthy Bournemouth should be able to improve them.

Question

If they learned a trade while in prison how many criminals would become law-abiding citizens?

Before you answer, think of the London thief who asks for—and gets—four years' jail instead of three, which will bring him training in a real trade instead of mere mailbag sewing.

His remark that the only trade he knows at present is stealing is both pathetic and illuminating.

Never again!

Let's hope there will be permanent peace at Treherbert, where the world's longest stay-in-strike has ended. After being 292 hours underground, the sixty pitmen strikers have come up.

Let us hope, moreover, that there will be no more strikes of this type, which exposes the men to chest and other diseases, subjects their relatives to mental suffering, and has not a single point in its favour.

Tragedy invited

A woman loses her life because her clothes caught fire when she stood on a chair to put a penny in the meter, which was above the gas-stove.

At the inquest a gas official maintains that this is a reasonably safe position for the meter.

And it seems to us about as dangerous as it would be possible to find.

Figures count

It's good news for everyone that the wireless exhibition did business to the tune of £11,000,000—25 per cent. more than last year. Still better to hear that the industry will probably reach thirty million pounds' worth of business in the coming season.

Good news, yes. But not to be marvelled at when you consider that in most other countries the price of a good radio set is beyond the reach of the poor. Our radio manufacturers, at any rate, know their job.

Highways and men

Traffic topics take up an ever-increasing amount of space in the newspapers. This week there's a good dozen. To mention only a few:

Already 87,000 incompetent drivers have failed to pass the official test. What we suspect is that a far greater number of bad drivers and careless pedestrians use the roads with impunity.

Mr. Hore-Belisha, rightly forbids stationary traffic in more London streets. But he doesn't say when adequate parking places will be provided for them.

New plans

He is also preparing regulations to abolish the general driving licence—so that a car driver won't be able to drive a motor-cycle with the same licence. That's reasonable.

One of the greatest traffic "jams" known for years is caused by road repairers starting work at Ludgate Circus, London, on Monday morning—worst period of the week for traffic congestion. That's obviously foolish.

A princess is fined for passing traffic lights at the amber at speed, but her licence is not endorsed.

Why not?

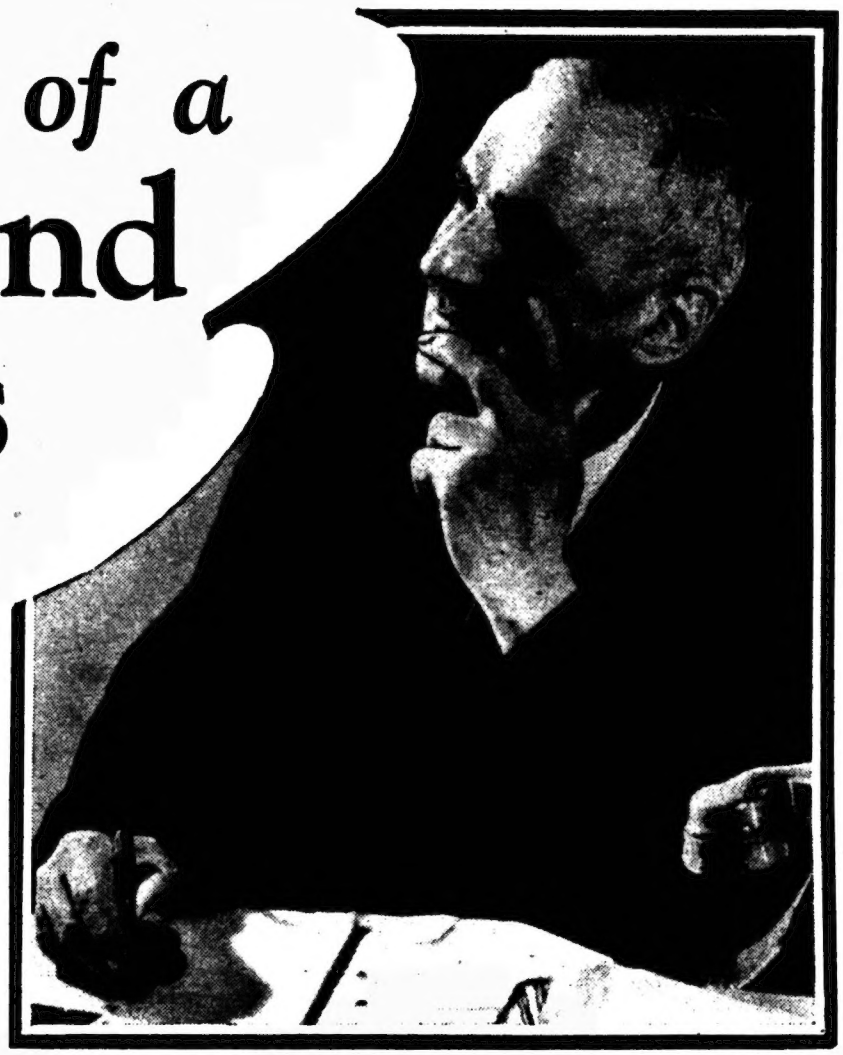
Well done

Really gratifying news is that yet another South Wales authority, the Pontardawe Council, is going to build small, lowly rented flats for aged people.

Our one regret is that this humane movement, started at Cardiff, is not more widely followed.

HAMBROOK of SCOTLAND YARD to Write in 'John Bull'

KEEPER *of a* Thousand Secrets



Walter Hambrook—no detective of recent times has participated in the investigation of so many celebrated crimes

—by— Stanley Bishop

THE man who individually has done more than anyone else in recent years to fetter the activity of our crooks and criminals is about to make his quiet exit from public life.

He is Detective - Superintendent Hambrook of New Scotland Yard.

Actually he is the father of all London detectives—the doyen of the Criminal Investigation Department, for he claims a longer period of service than any other officer—no less than thirty-eight full years.

Quite properly he can be regarded as "the Last of the Big Five." That name was originally given to the five chief detective inspectors of Scotland Yard, held in reserve to tackle the most complex crimes and murder mysteries, no matter where.

Since then the unit of "Five" has been enlarged—the old title of distinction overlaid by reorganisation. Walter Hambrook was the last of that skilful band when promotion moved him to the higher rank of Detective-Superintendent.

I have known Walter Hambrook since the day when, as a young detective-sergeant he took over the Ealing district at a time when that suburb of Middlesex was only half the size it is at present. To a certain extent I have seen Hambrook "grow up" as a great detective. I have watched him—and I am afraid worried him—in many of his principal cases. Consequently I can give some picture of the man and his methods.

Meet Hambrook, and you would never imagine him to be a policeman. He is quiet, slow speaking, and gives the impression, perhaps, of being slow thinking.

His reserve and apparent hesitancy just cloak the activity of his mind. Set a series of facts relating to a crime before Walter Hambrook, and he will place his finger on the most fruitful avenue of investigation in a flash.

SHOULD occasion demand he can fire penetrating questions with the speed of a prosecuting barrister.

Without doubt he has a kind of extra sense—a wonderfully accurate intuition for picking the person guilty of a crime.

His knowledge of the criminals—women as well as men—of the London under-world is encyclopædic. Hambrook never forgets a face.

Yet I have never known any of the bad fellows who have passed through his hands, carry in their hearts a grudge against him. That is because he is always so scrupulously fair.

We saw that after the Dartmoor Prison mutiny of notorious memory. Hambrook was responsible for collecting the evidence which placed twenty-one convicts in the dock, charged with riotous assembly, and which brought them sentences of punishment amounting to a total of no less than 100 years.

During the Dartmoor trial Hambrook was promoted Superintendent, and congratulations thereon were rendered to him before the Judge in Court. *And the prisoners joined in those congratulations.*

Until he reached the rank of Superintendent, and its authority, they used to call him "First-time Hambrook" at Scotland Yard. Because, throughout his career, he always gained success at the very outset of any move in promotion.

Even as a shy young police-constable, twenty-one years of age, on his first period of routine duty in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace, he secured the arrest of a much-wanted thief. In "plain clothes," on probation for the C.I.D., he began by catching a burglar.

As a fully-fledged detective constable he was set to watch a bogus detective—one of the earliest employment-with-investment swindlers—and the first job of Detective Hambrook was so thoroughly done that the bogus detective was duly convicted.

It is interesting to hear Hambrook, in his reminiscent mood, tell the story of how he joined the police force.

Says he:—"I passed a stiff medical examination; had three weeks' physical drill on the Guards' parade ground at Wellington Barracks; was given a small instruction book to read; provided with a uniform, a helmet, a whistle and a truncheon, and there was I, a raw country lad from the hamlet of Betteshanger in Kent, a constable in the Metropolitan Police, with all the thousand and one responsibilities such a position involves. And my pay was twenty-four shillings a week.

"To my intense astonishment, I was at once posted for duty at Constitution Hill. Queen Victoria was in residence at Buckingham Palace at the time. My first instructions were to hold my head erect and keep a vigilant eye on the royal entrance to the Palace."

How different in these days when recruits to the Metropolitan Police undergo a three months' intensive course of instruction in police procedure and criminal law at Peel House.

WALTER HAMBROOK, who climbed to be the senior Detective-Superintendent in London in command of the Central Divisions, had no police schooling except that of hard, practical experience.

On Christmas Day, 1901, Hambrook became a detective. He was then stationed at Paddington. That day his sub-divisional inspector said to him: "How would you like to try your hand at plain clothes duty as a winter patrol attached to the C.I.D.?"

That day Hambrook took off his police uniform. He never wore it again. He was a detective.

One of Hambrook's most notable achievements was the organisation of the "Flying Squad."

The "Squad" was started with the ex-Army lorries converted into vans. Hambrook was placed in charge of them. He and ten other officers became the "Flying Squad."

From that inception has developed the present complete organisation, using hundreds of motor cars, of all makes, types, sizes and speed, which now patrols throughout the twenty-four hours of each day the whole of the Metropolitan Police area.

A thrilling affair was the "Squad's" first job. It involved a fight in the West End of London with a party of motor bandits and shop breakers, known as the "Elephant gang."

Hambrook has described to me how in that rough and tumble he was knocked out. But he managed to arrest seven of the gangsters, all of whom were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment at the Old Bailey.

Famous murder cases are plentiful in Hambrook's history.

He was responsible for hunting down Sydney Fox, convicted and hanged for the murder of his old mother in a bedroom of the Hotel Metropole, Margate.

Fox staged that murder to make it appear that his mother died from the effects of an accidental fire in the bedroom. Indeed, the verdict at the coroner's inquest was one of accidental death. Only the painstaking work of Walter Hambrook led to the unmasking of Fox and his trial at Lewes Assizes.

Another particularly intriguing case was the murder at the Zoological Gardens, London, in 1928, in which a feud and jealousy over a sacred elephant led to the wilful killing of a man.

The kennels murder mystery in Dorset; the Ramsgate shop murder; the murder of Polly Walker by her crippled lover at Camden Town; the Fulham Workhouse murder—in which enters the strange incident of a workhouse bookmaker making his betting book with pauper inmates—so Hambrook's cases run on, making separately and together an extraordinarily fascinating record of detection.

NOW—almost at the moment of his retirement—we have "Hambrook's Last Case"—the murder of Mrs. Ada Fortescue in her Shepherd's Bush flat.

This comes as the culmination of what I can fairly term Hambrook's "murder year," including the Soho crimes—the death of "French Fifi," the shooting of "Max the Red," and the others.

Investigation into this Soho series was directed by Walter Hambrook, Detective Superintendent of "Central." He holds the inner secrets of those murders.

And now that Walter Hambrook, the man of a "thousand secrets," is to seek an honoured retirement, his reminiscences are to appear in JOHN BULL. No detective of recent times has participated in the investigation of so many varied and momentous crimes. His intimate, first-hand accounts of his greatest cases make thrilling reading and are certain to arouse nation-wide interest.

He opens these exclusive memoirs in next week's issue with the inside story of the amazing Fox murder of seven years ago.

THEY ALL WANT

FROM STRIFE-TORN COUNTRIES they seek the safe cover of the Union Jack . . .

FROM TURBULENT SPAIN, where families flee daily from the civil war to the shelter of British soil, and only wish they could become British . . .

THERE is a department of the Home Office in London which is always amused when it reads those overworked words: "The best bargain in the world."

For it sells what is undoubtedly the biggest bargain on earth just now. The first people to admit it at the moment would be the Spaniards who are tasting the full horrors of civil war, or the Russians who are wondering whether Stalin's purge will continue until it extends to them, or the Greeks who can't quite be sure whether the last has been heard of revolution in Athens.

Indeed, this particular department of the Home Office—the Aliens (Naturalisation) Branch, to give it its name—is in a position to offer full British citizenship at a mere £10 a time to approved purchasers. And in these unhappy days there are millions of people in distraught Europe who only wish they could be "approved."

Severe test

In fact, if sales were effected on the "first come, first served" principle, with no other stipulation than that the necessary £10 should be paid in cash, the whole of Whitehall would be kept busy dealing with the snow of applications.

But as the would-be purchaser must have spent at least five of the last eight years of his life on British soil, be of the highest possible character, speak the English tongue reasonably well, intend to live here or serve the Crown in some capacity or other, and stand the test of enquiry work that never takes less than six months, and often goes into twelve or more, we are kept from being a country with a population even more conglomerate than the United States of America.

Yes, there's no doubt about it that they all want to be British — whatever the Englishman may say when he finds his pub closed, or his wife when, seeking a joint on Early Closing Day, finds the hand of D.O.R.A. upraised against her.

About a year ago, when Italians and Abyssinians were busy slaughtering one another, many hundreds of Italians resident in this country, including some who were the fiercest in upholding the Duce in cafés and restaurants, were quietly and hopefully applying for British status.

Many of them spoke a little too loudly. In other words, the Home Office got to know about their ranting pro-Italian views in the course of its enquiries. It wasn't in the least disgusted with them for being patriotic towards their own country. It just decided that they could never be "essentially British in outlook"—that's all.

Some sons of sunny Italy who had never even seen the coasts of Britain wrote asking how they could become British. They were soon disposed of. One actually wrote from Switzerland asking British citizenship for himself and the six sons he had got over the frontier—away from the danger of military service.

Nevertheless, in one single month, at the height of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, no fewer than 132 lucky Italians were given British certificates of naturalisation, which means that they acquired every right that you hold by virtue of being born here. In the first six months of last year 350 Italians were naturalised in this country.

Look at it in another way—in one month alone as many Italians were admitted to full British citizenship as in any two normal years, seeing that the usual rate of admissions for Italians is about six a month.

Let us look at some of the successful applications. It will soon be seen that in very few cases were the people concerned of military age, so that no question of cowardice arises. In fact, in nine cases out of ten the people concerned loved this country, felt British, wanted to be British—and the war in which Italy was engaged was merely a stimulus.

One, for instance, was a man who came here as a child, and had been a successful manufacturer here for 47 years. Somehow, he had it in his mind that people had no more right to ask him to justify Mussolini's warmongering than they had to ask it of Mr. Smith, of Balham. Yet everybody *did* keep asking him.

Then there was a famous cocktail mixer who, although born in Italy, had lived here for 37 years. He had won added fame for the mention made of him in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Britons and Americans were interested in him most.

Good reason

He became British because he wanted to be British, considered himself more British than Italian, which in official eyes is one of the best of reasons.

Some of the applicants had children who couldn't speak a word of Italian—and, as for themselves, left Italy so long ago that they felt no more interested in its affairs than they are in those of Greenland or Tibet.

Yet one of these men was notified that it was the duty of two of his sons who had never seen Italy, and couldn't speak her tongue, to go out and fight for her in a war that was extremely unpopular with the British—whom he regarded as his own countrymen.

That fact stimulated him to seek British citizenship, which he had never thought necessary before in a country of such broad and genuine tolerations.

Left in anger

Yet another man whose children spoke English only was told that his name would appear on a list that was being sent to Italy as that of a man who had failed to give his country due help in a time of need.

He, like many other Italians of long residence in this country who were similarly warned, is a British subject now.

A god-daughter of the late Queen Margherita of Italy was among the applicants. Her father was an Italian nobleman.

There was an Italian professional man who definitely left his country in anger the moment Italy declared war. Another was a student who came over here to study English and then, although a real Mussolini stalwart when he left his country, saw enough here to make him change his views.

The most of them were impelled rather by a love and admiration for Britain and all her free institutions than by a disgust with their own country. Intense disagreement with Italy merely served as a spur to take a step they had always intended to take.

Yes, and there were applications

"Good Cause" CROOKS

HOUSEHOLDERS and tradesmen in South Wales should be on their guard against an old easy-money game which is now being revived very extensively.

In Cardiff, Swansea, and in several of the coalfield towns men and women have been trading on the good nature of the public, and some thousands of pounds must have been extracted from kindly people during the past few weeks.

The tricks worked—there are three or four variations—consist of collecting for good causes.

One largely worked fraud is the "bereavement collection." Men and women, carrying business-like account books, call on traders and householders and ask for a small donation towards a fund being raised on behalf of a widow and children who have been left destitute by the sudden death of their breadwinner.

The man died, so the collectors say, uninsured, and, in addition to being destitute, there is no money to provide a "decent" burial.

Another device is that of collecting for children's "outing" funds.

People are approached and asked to give a small sum towards providing outings to the seaside and country for children in the distressed areas.

Another variation is collecting for non-existent local football clubs which, according to the canvassers, are badly in need of money to purchase playing clothes and boots, footballs, etc.

The money, of course, goes into the pockets of the collectors, some of whom are making a very good thing out of it.

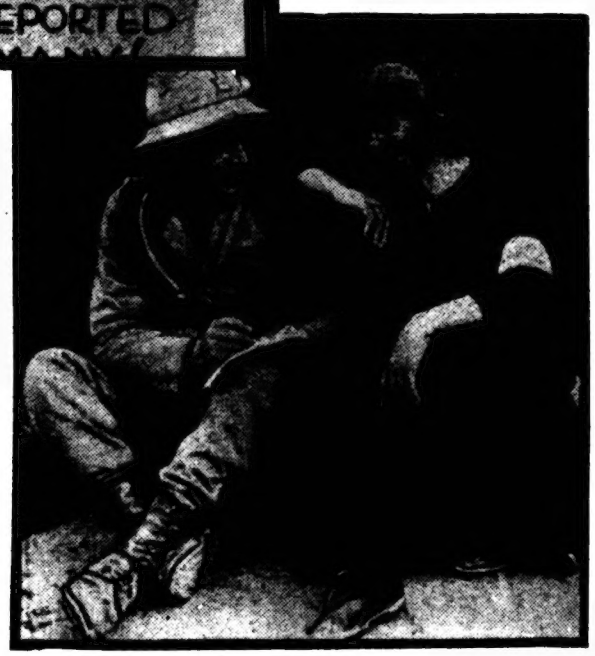
The South Wales police authorities have already taken action in a number of these cases, and prison sentences have been inflicted on several bogus collectors.

But there are so many still active in South Wales, and their methods and tales are so ingenious, that we hasten to issue this general warning for the protection of the public.

to be BRITISH!

FROM NAZI GERMANY, *where persecution is rife and those fortunate enough to escape live in terror of having to return . . . and*

WAR-MAD ITALY, *where mothers, saying good-bye to their sons, may well wish that they were safe from Mussolini's craze for conquest and bloodshed*



received from Abyssinians, and people from the countries surrounding Abyssinia as well. But how far coloured people of African origin were impelled by the Italo-Abyssinian war must always remain in doubt for a particular reason.

That is that when the war was at its height, the Shipping Subsidy Committee recommended that shipowners should give Britons preference when jobs were going. The result was the biggest rush for naturalisation forms in history.

In Cardiff alone, a thousand forms were issued. In some ports every coloured man who was not already British was clamouring to become so. Thousands of applications were rejected—but enough survived the rigid enquiries of the Home Office to give the naturalisation lists a very Arabic-cum-African-cum-West Indian appearance.

But in driving new hordes of aliens to seek the safe cover of the Union Jack, in addition to all the other advantages of British citizenship, the war in Abyssinia was only typical of every other conflict in recent history.

The first act of many of the Spaniards who were lucky enough to escape over the French frontier when the civil war broke out was to enquire of British consulates whether they were eligible to naturalise as Britons. Some wondered whether the fact that they had married Englishwomen — English wives have always been popular with Spaniards—was a qualification.

It is therefore certain that while many Spaniards already resident in Britain are putting in their papers to acquire British nationality, many more who have recently got out of Spain by the skin of their teeth are going to try to get the necessary residential qualification—if they prove lucky enough to get admission to this country.

But the odds are that they will find themselves back in Spain as soon as the trouble there is ended. We cannot absorb into the British race everybody who finds conditions unsafe in his own country—otherwise Britons themselves would soon find themselves crowded into the sea.

Without a doubt there is going to be a very Spanish look about the naturalisation lists that will be issued in four or five months' time, when enough time has elapsed for the first batches of applications to be sifted thoroughly. Yet they are going to be by no means predominantly Spanish — for the simple reason that the Spanish civil war is not the only cauldron that is hissing in Europe at the moment.

Due to the constantly recurring dangers that face Russians who do not agree with the present Soviet *régime*, we have been admitting more Russians to British citizenship than people of any other race ever since the war. No fewer than 288 Russians were allowed naturalisation certificates last year out of a total of 1,902 people given British status.

More Russians than ever are coming forward now that Stalin's "purge" makes people resident in Britain realise that the day when they can safely return to the Russia of their birth is becoming more distant than ever.

Then the total of Germans on the naturalisation lists of 1936 are likely to exceed the total for 1935, which was 128 men and 32 women—not because Germany is any more unsettled than last year, but because Germans living here are becoming more and more certain that nothing will ever happen to make their own country one-fiftieth as tolerant and liberty-loving as Britain.

Troubled times

Then what of King Carol's virtual Fascist *coup* in Rumania, and the attempted rising against Greece's newly returned monarch in Athens? It is early yet to say to what an extent these happenings will affect the rush for British naturalisation.

Nevertheless, you can rely on them making some difference. Whenever there is trouble abroad, it always does.

Even severe economic troubles abroad have this effect—the economic blizzard in America, for instance, although present generations grew up believing that most Britons nurtured a secret ambition to go out to America and become a millionaire.

At the height of that depression in the United States every British-bound liner had to be watched with trebled vigilance because so many Americans were wanting to come here as stowaways—wanted to become British. They knew our reputation for riding a storm.

On top of that applications received from American citizens to naturalise as Britons reached many scores a month—although well under half of them were entertained. Some of them based their applications on the fact that they joined the British Army before America entered the war.

If they did not in other respects fulfil the exact terms—five years' residence in the last eight years, and so on—it was no use whatsoever.

Sad, in a way, was the effort of many British citizens who secured American nationality, at a time when that country appeared to be a land of milk and honey, to get back their British citizenship.

With 12,000,000 unemployed, and their own jobs gone, they soon realised that a country like Britain, with its roots deep in the soil of experience and tradition, was far more likely to come through the blizzard than a younger and less experienced country.

It was tragic for them when our own Naturalisation people decided that the country didn't want them.

So rigorous was the Home Office in face of the tremendous demand on the part of Americans to become British that four years ago it refused to allow Mr. F. E. Huish, the former Kent county cricketer, who naturalised as an American, to stay in the country of his birth.

Yes, they all want to be British—even when there isn't trouble of any serious consequence in their own homelands.

We can see that at once by looking at the naturalisation lists of the last two years.

An amazing instance is that of Mrs. Elizabeth York Miller, the authoress. As a schoolgirl in a little backwood town of America, she dreamed of an England patterned with green pasturages and golden cornfields alternately; determined that one day she would visit it.

Painful visit

She did, and found it just as she had pictured it.

In the 25 years that followed she only went back to America once, and then it was so painful to her that she came rushing back to this country. Year after year she was content to register at Bow Street as an alien. Then she saw something fine about the way we rose to the occasion when not even *we* could escape the troubles that afflicted the whole world.

So she naturalised as a British woman—just over two years ago.

Two American millionaires have naturalised in the last few months—Mr. Alfred Chester Beatty, the American mining expert and art connoisseur, and Mr. Whitney Straight, the young American racing motorist. They both love Britain.

Will Col. Lindbergh do the same? We must wait and see.

Mr. Alexander Korda, the Hungarian film producer, is on this year's list. He was an unknown journalist in his native Vienna. He controls a £500,000 film studio here; made, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII.," what was undoubtedly the greatest British film to date.

Prince Obolensky, the Russian who became an Oxford Rugby "blue" and an English international, has been British since last April.

And to give just one more interesting case of recent date of the hundreds available—Prince Leopold of Lowenstein, member of a noble German family with a history dating back more than a thousand years, has preferred to work in the publishing business here! He counts as British—has done since October last.

Smiles—not guns

None of these people have been driven here by the worries of their own countries. It is just that they regard Britain as "God's Own Country"—or something very near to it.

Very different the majority of people on our naturalisation lists.

There is terror on their faces as they look back at their own countries. Then they look at us—and a strange yearning afflicts them.

If a man speaks wildly here the police meet him with smiles instead of guns. And people can express their real opinions in railway carriages without fear of being reported to some secret body.

Men of all religions, creeds and races walk abroad. People of other creeds, races and religions wish them good morning.

Why, the Briton actually runs his own country down—and is allowed to do it. "What a country!" he says bitterly, when he finds the pub or the cigarette shop closed, or when his wife can't buy breakfast rashers on Early Closing Day—heedless of the fact that his country is only trying to regulate the hours of shop assistants.

The alien who wants to be British figures the ten pounds that will buy him the biggest bargain on earth.

"What a country!" he says, too. In admiration, not disgust.

I say to myself-
PARK DRIVE
for pleasure!
5 FOR 2°
10 FOR 4°
15 FOR 6°
PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Colonies, Hitler?—Nothing Doing!

Sir Henry Wood's Wrong Note—New Shock for Motorists—Mines Safety Delay—Meanest Employer We Know

DEAR FUEHRER,—I was not surprised to find you telling the German workers that quite a lot of their troubles are due to the fact that Germany has no colonies.

Lincoln, you remember, said that you can't fool all the people all the time. But you certainly do your best.

And I quite understand your difficulty. After nearly four years of being ruled by you, the bulk of the German people are far worse off than they were before—while in most other countries conditions are far better.

That is very awkward. Because if once they put two and two together, where would you be?

* * *

So, lest they blame you, you have to blame somebody or something else. And it can't be anything inside Germany: because that would be your fault. So it has to be something that the wicked rest of the world is doing to Germany.

But, really, it's wearing a bit thin. You know perfectly well—or Schacht (your financial adviser) does—that if Germany were given back all her old colonies to-morrow, it would make precious little difference to the economic position of the German people.

You tell them you would be able to get raw materials. But you can get them now, by buying them. And you would still have to buy them, even from German colonies.

The economic argument (and I suspect you know it) is largely bunk—if you will pardon the word.

When you complain that a stigma was put on Germany at Versailles by the Allies' declaration that she was not fit to run colonies, I rather sympathise.

That was a pretty nasty piece of hypocrisy. And the German Republic was, I agree, as likely as any other country to run colonies decently.

* * *

But, Herr Hitler, what about your own record? We know what you think about "non-Aryan" races, and how you treat them. You boast about it.

You, in your odd way, regard the Jews as a subject race. And look what you do to them!

If you want me, or anybody else, seriously to consider handing over "subject races" in Africa or elsewhere to you, you have first got to rule Germany in a decent and civilised way.

Till then, you can take it from me that there is nothing doing.

JOHN BULL.

Prove yourself fit to rule—then we'll talk about colonies

Sir HENRY WOOD,
Elsworthy Road, London, N.W.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—I don't think your many admirers will agree with the part you are taking in the latest teacup storm.

You object to conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra at next month's Sheffield festival because it has a new leader in whose appointment you were not consulted.

But the orchestra's work is not confined to the Sheffield festival, and if every conductor insisted on his own choice there would be as many leaders in the band as blackberries in the hedge.

Surely it is enough that the new appointment has the approval of Sir Thomas Beecham and Albert Sammons.

JOHN BULL.

Captain H. F. C. CROOKSHANK,
Minister of Mines

DEAR CAPTAIN,—I fail to understand why you still hesitate to order that automatic gas alarms must be used in all coal mines.

First there was the Gresford explosion. Then Barnsley.

Are we to wait for another catastrophe before something is done?

JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Harrogate

SIRS,—I don't know how a private employer would fare in similar circumstances, but you ignored two official warnings that a machine in your baths laundry was unfenced until a man's arm was broken by it.

And for this flagrant flouting of authority the local Bench merely fined you £2—money which will no doubt be extracted from the ratepayers' pockets and not yours.

What an example for other slack employers!

JOHN BULL.

CRICKET CONTROL BOARD,
Australia

GENTLEMEN,—Your efforts to stop "barracking" are certainly welcome.

Far from resulting in speedier and brighter cricket, it generally upsets the players and causes a poorer game. At its worst, it is just an exhibition of bad manners.

May your efforts succeed!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—You should give attention to the case of a Swindon motorist, convicted of exceeding the speed limit, for it opens up dangerous possibilities for every driver. This man is stated to have been fined on the uncorroborated evidence of a police motorcyclist in plain clothes, who said that he *followed* the car at a speed of thirty-seven miles per hour.

How could the policeman prove that his speed was the same as that of the motorist? How could he keep his eyes on the speedometer while making sure that he maintained an even distance from the car in front?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice GREAVES-LORD,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—So you are the latest to display the "no mercy" spirit.

A month ago Mr. Justice Hilbery showed commendable severity in dealing with race gangsters; now you have sent a man to five years' penal servitude for razor slashing.

"It must be stopped," you say of this type of crime. It must indeed—and the heavy sentence is the surest way to stamp it out.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. H. JOHNSON, J.P.,
East Grinstead

SIR,—Everyone must have read how you were not only caught out paying an employee less than the proper wages, but threatened him with dismissal unless he took half the arrears and signed a receipt for the full amount.

The publicity must be unpleasant for a man like you—magistrate, past-president of the National Federation of Merchant Tailors, ex-chairman of the town council. But it can't be half so unpleasant as you deserve.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOSIAH STAMP,
Shortlands, Kent

DEAR SIR JOSIAH,—You are tackling the problem from the wrong end.

There is no need for "birth control of inventions." The greater use of machinery creates unemployment only because the products are not properly distributed.

I agree that scientists don't take enough interest in the social results of their work. But it is as foolish to put all the onus on them as it is to blame exclusively business men or politicians.

JOHN BULL.

The GOVERNORS,
Westminster Hospital

GENTLEMEN,—It's sad to learn that your new £800,000 hospital is held up by people in the locality who object to the balconies planned for each floor. It will be "harrowing to see sickness paraded," they say.

Yet most of the patients will be too ill to be taken to a roof, and fresh air will in many cases represent the turning point back to earth.

May you win against people so lacking in the ordinary humanities!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev. M. L. SMITH,
Bishop of Rochester

DEAR BISHOP,—Certainly the parson's wife deserves your praise, for she has many difficulties to face.

But I cannot help regretting that praise is too rarely bestowed on other women whose problems are equally vexed—the doctor's wife, the fisherman's wife, the labourer's wife.

And, if you want to name a particular case, my biggest sympathies are with the miner's helpmeet.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT,
Idbury Manor, Oxfordshire

DEAR SIR,—Yes. "Lord Chancellors and Home Secretaries ought to be ashamed of themselves" for having done so little to "comb out" the aged and incompetent lay magistrates.

But you are certainly doing your bit to ensure better justice by forming a club for Oxfordshire J.P.s, where they may hear lectures on the law and social problems.

That is certainly an idea which should be adopted in every county.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CEDRIC DREWE,
M.P. for Honiton

DEAR SIR,—Just as it seems that the Air Ministry has been cured of its tendency to choose the best fishing grounds for bombing practice, the Admiralty, wanting to lay mines over a large area, picks the West Country's best trawling grounds.

I am glad you have managed to stop this precious scheme. But I wish you could also persuade the Admiralty to consult its neighbour, the Ministry of Fisheries, when considering future plans of the sort.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. THOMAS,
Derbyshire Gliding Club

DEAR MR. THOMAS,—These "too old at forty" stories must make you smile.

At seventy-two you bought a glider, entered it in an annual competition of the British Gliding Association, flew it yourself. Catching every upward current with amazing deftness, you remained aloft 2 hours 35 minutes and beat all the youngsters.

You'll do still better next time, I hope!

JOHN BULL.

Too Good to be True

I'M sick of the wonders of Science;
Too many they are—and too few!
On it we can place no reliance
When wanting a cure for the 'flu,
And a cold in the head
Still confines us to bed,
Notwithstanding its miracles new!

So when Science offers discourses
(Expecting applause for the same)
Concerning a new drug which forces
Its victims the truth to proclaim,
Then all will agree—
If they're liars, like me—
To join in a loud shout of "SHAME!"

It is with distinctly mixed feelings that I have read columns about sodium evipan, by means of a dose of which, it is claimed, people, however unwilling, can be forced to tell the truth.

Writers have gushed over this drug, explaining that it places a new weapon in the hands of crime investigators. But it would be as reasonable to give three cheers for a new poison gas, on the ground that it provides a new weapon for exterminating blackbeetles.

Just as lethal gases can be used for other purposes than making beetles feel that life is not worth living, so can a truth drug be employed to discomfit persons other than criminals.

We are, f'rinstance, taught at mother's knee to speak the truth and speak it ever; but if mother is asked a simple question regarding the facts of life, the chances are that she answers with a deplorable tarradiddle about a stork.

Far be it from me to blame anybody's mammy, coal-black or otherwise, for exercising her discretion in this matter; but supposing they dosed her with sodium evipan? And what if this was done with that old-fashioned father of mine, who sometimes really is kept late at the office, but more often isn't?

Such considerations suggest the desirability of suppressing the drug in the public (not to mention the public-house) interest. Saddle us with a community entirely composed of George and Georgina Washingtons and it won't take us long to realise that truth is no stranger to friction.

What, for example, if this dangerous drug should become available in tabloid form? Think of the needless embarrassment of a lady who takes a couple of tabloids in mistake for aspirins and promptly tells her best friend, "My dear, I've never seen you looking more foul!" or informs her hostess on leaving, "I've had a perfectly lousy time and I do hope you won't ask me again!"

Not from the B.B.C.

Misguided chemists may devise
A drug to put an end to lies,
But let them try to sell it!
For though the truth is praised by men,
They use their judgment as to when
And where and how they tell it!

The gent. who has a mine to sell,
The girl who's asked her age to tell,
The bloke intent on wangling
A job or contract would not take
A bottle, nor would those who make
Their hobby golf or angling!

By coves engaged in selling land,
By husbands, politicians and
Young lovers in the park it
Will not be purchased—nor by me!
In fact, this truth drug's doomed to be
A drug upon the market!

Y. Z.

ALL YOU NEED TO FEED YOUR DOG!

BALANCED DIET — "Red Heart" is a complete beef dog food. It has the right elements, scientifically balanced, for a dog's good health, stamina and energy.

NO COOKING — "Red Heart" is supplied ready to eat in sealed tins. Think how much time and trouble you save—no cooking, no mixing, no chopping up.

THREE FLAVOURS — "Red Heart" gives what no other dog food gives; three flavours —Diet A, B, and C. Give your dog the different flavours in rotation, so that he may obtain the variety which his strongly developed sense of taste demands.

From your grocer, chemist or corn dealer. If unable to obtain write to John Morrell & Co. Ltd., 57 Victoria St., Liverpool, 1, or 10 Borough High St., London, S.E.1.

Its handy! Its tasty! Its GOOD!

1lb. tin 6d

RED HEART

The Diversified Diet

DOG FOOD

CVS—12

READY for WAR in Palestine

Reservists depart for Palestine — a scene reminiscent of the War

by **A. G. Gardiner**

WITH the decision of the Government to send a whole division of troops to Palestine, the conflagration there assumes the magnitude of a war.

It had been supposed that the success of the Air Force in suppressing the rising in Irak could be repeated against the Arab rising in Palestine.

That expectation was completely disappointed, and with its failure the Army had to come to the rescue. Piecemeal reinforcements were sent out, but still the flames spread, and the rebel challenge grew more formidable.

Every effort was made by the Government to settle the racial quarrel between Arab and Jew by pacific means. The help of friendly Arab leaders outside Palestine, like Nuri Pasha of Irak, the Emir Abdulla of Trans-Jordania, and the King of Saudi Arabia, was invoked to persuade the Arab leaders to call off the strike and thus to avert the necessity of extreme measures.

And a Royal Commission was appointed to go out to Palestine this autumn in order to find a basis of reconciliation between Jew and Arab. All without effect.

Now the Government is driven to drastic action. Either that or surrender to a campaign of violence that threatens to plunge Palestine into a shambles as horrible as that of Spain.

With the new reinforcements and the transference of the command from Air-Commodore Hill to General Dill, one of the ablest and wisest strategists in the Army, the Government declares formal war on the rebels. The gravity of the declaration will be appreciated when it is realised that the forces under General Dill's command are more formidable than those with which Kitchener waged his Egyptian campaign.

Lest it should be supposed that these vast preparations are panic measures, we must understand what is behind this Arab rising.

That the Arabs have grievances may be admitted. But the purpose of the rebels is not the redress of grievances. That is shown by the refusal of all peaceful efforts at a settlement. The purpose is nothing less than the waging of a holy war which is to sweep the infidel and the circumcised alike out of Palestine.

THE prime movers in this bold enterprise are two men, one of them supplies the fanatical motive, the other the executive genius. The first is the Mufti Taj Amin Husseim. He is head of the Moslem Church in Palestine and President of the Supreme Moslem Council. He is an uncompromising foe of a concordat between Jew and Arab and is the driving force behind the higher Arab Committee which organises the crusade of violence and murder.

The strategy of that crusade is the work of terrorists, led by professional insurgents from Irak and Syria. The chief of these is the notorious rebel, Fawzi Kauji, who was trained in the Turkish Army and gave so much trouble to the French during the Druse revolt in Syria ten years ago. Since then he has been in Irak, from whence he escaped to light the fire of rebellion throughout the Arab world. He issued an inflammatory proclamation preaching a sort of holy war against Jew and Christian in Palestine. It is his evil genius that inspires the cunning strategy of the campaign, directs the operations and organises the supply of bombs and material.

It must not be supposed that the Arab world as a whole is behind this rebellion. If it were, the outlook would be black indeed. But the attitude of eminent Arab leaders like the King of Suadi Arabia, Nuri Pasha and the Emir of Trans-Jordania disproves that.

The fact is that terrorism has been allowed to get out of hand and that the more reasonable influences among the Arabs have lost control of the situation. Had the Mufti Haj Amin been put under arrest at an early stage it is possible that the present alarming situation would not have developed and that a round-table conference would have been in progress.

That he was not quickly eliminated was due to a natural fear that, without the clearest case, his removal would have had a bad effect on the external Moslem world. But if martial law is declared, as it must be, and if his resistance to authority is proved, as it will be, his days of mischief are numbered.

It is possible, of course, that the stern action now taken will bring the rebels to their senses. Hitherto they have been encouraged to believe that they had only to defy authority and create a reign of terror in order to make government impossible and sweep every British soldier and every Jewish citizen out of Palestine. In this belief they have rejected all negotiation and all compromise.

Now that they know what is in store for them the leaders of the revolt may think that discretion is the better part of valour, and call off the strike, repudiate Kauji and the terrorists, and prepare for the Royal Commission. The alternative is martial law and a war on the terrorists waged by such an overwhelming force that the result cannot be in doubt.

If the Arabs realise that the game of violence is up and that the idea of sweeping both the British and the Jews out of Palestine has to be abandoned there will be no war, and the "sort of a war" that has been going on throughout this summer will stop. They will consent to meet the Jews, as the Jews have always been ready to meet them, at a round-table conference, and work out a scheme by which the two peoples can live side by side on a footing of constitutional equality.

If that is done the British Army can disappear from the stage and the Royal Commission can take its place to study the situation and draft the settlement.

WHAT the character of the settlement should be does not concern us at this stage. That it will be just and disinterested is certain. This country is neither pro-Jewish nor anti-Arab. It is far too much bound up with the Moslem world to desire to antagonise it.

The only purpose we have is to fulfil our obligations under the mandate and to bring about racial peace on a basis of impartial justice. And the sooner we can do this and leave the Palestinian State, as we have left Irak and as the French are now leaving Syria, to walk alone the better we shall be satisfied.

We have always recognised that the Arabs have legitimate grievances that call for redress. But they must be redressed by discussion, negotiation and mutual compromise. They will not be redressed as a surrender to violence. Neither we nor the Jews will be bullied out of Palestine by the bombs of Kauji or the fanaticism of the Mufti.

And the Arabs will be wise if they see in the reinforcements which are being despatched to Palestine not merely an overture for peace but an ultimatum to the wreckers.

Deluge

RAIN lashing down in billions of gallons on streets and roof-tops. Drains and gullies temporarily overcome by the rush of swirling water. . . .

Have you ever thought, as you have looked on some such scene from the warmth and comfort of your own home, of conditions in that vast labyrinth of sewers and mains, some of them big enough to accommodate a light car, that lies beneath your town?

Raging, boiling subterranean rivers wake into life, fed by thousands of tributaries of varying size and ferocity. And borough, city or urban surveyors chuckle. Sweet Nature is cleansing a part of the town that goes unseen.

But things go wrong, sometimes. A north of England family can testify to that.

They were looking out on such a storm when a manhole cover blew high in the air in front of their house.

Water cascaded from the open manhole to cover the road, then advanced up their garden path, and finally surged over their doorstep, to the ruin of their floor-coverings and much of their furniture.

Defenceless in face of it, they could do nothing but gaze disconsolately at the havoc it caused—and wonder where the money was coming from to make good the damage to their possessions.

Well, we answered that question—with a cheque for the amount. They were insured under JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme, and JOHN BULL paid.

They qualified by filling up a coupon that you can turn to on page 42 *now*. Why not put your signature to it, without delay?

The Human Machine

Release the Brake!

ONCE you have really learned to think you have learned to tap power at its source. Until you have learned to think you are like a powerful motor-car running jerkily along with half its cylinders out of action. You are a pain to yourself and an irritation to everyone else. Everything you do is done noisily and with difficulty, instead of easily and smoothly.

To learn to think is not terribly difficult, though it is certainly hard work. It is because it is hard work that so few people ever learn. Most people are constitutionally lazy and prefer idleness to effort.

To learn to think you must learn to concentrate. You must learn to hold one idea in your mind, no matter what distractions tempt you, until you have seen all round it, understood its meaning and its implications and its possibilities. You must learn further to crystallise your thoughts in words and translate your words into actions.

To learn to think you must learn to be patient—and also to be courageous. You must be patient in order to defer action until you are sure you know exactly what you want to do and how you want to do it.

You must be courageous in order that, having decided, you may act forcibly and directly, refusing to allow obstacles to deter you or difficulties to dismay you.

The man who has learned to think is a man who has achieved belief in himself and the powers that lie hidden in him.

And the foundation of good thinking is sound reasoning. You must learn to plan. You must understand how causes lead to effects, and how an end must be foreseen from the beginning. You must learn that things don't just happen. They are mostly made to happen. You must believe that you can make them happen as well as the next man.

It is worth while learning to think. It is one of the few things that are worth while. The ability to think is the key to the ability to do.

EAT MORE OFTEN...

'EVERY TWO OR THREE HOURS'—*say the doctors*

4 OZ 4 D

DO you know that fatigue and irritation can be reduced by the simple method of eating more frequently?

That is one of the recent discoveries of the medical research workers. They have been conducting prolonged experiments upon people of all ages who have to do, regularly, a full day's work. **They have found that men, women and children all work better, and improve in health, if they eat not more food but more frequent food*.** They have proved that the effect of each meal you eat, in terms of well-being and energy, begins to wear off after two or three hours. There are probably difficulties in the way of your having another meal two or three hours after breakfast. It is almost as difficult to fit in an extra meal two or three hours after dinner. But there are surely no difficulties about eating a convenient ration of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. And *that* provides the perfect extra meal. It contains the energy-giving nourishment of the cocoa bean and pure sugar, *plus* that of pure rich British milk—a glass and a half to each half-pound block.

* *For an account of some of these interesting experiments see the article on 'Diet and Physical Efficiency' in the British Medical Journal, Nov. 30th, 1935, p. 1047.*

keep going on

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PICTUREGOER

JUST OUT!

Twopence as usual.

The King, accompanied by an official, visiting the Vienna Fair during his holiday

Coronation *Boycott* RUBBISH

☆ John Drinkwater's *Intimate Diary* The King this Week ☆

I AM sure that the delegate who proposed to the Trades Union Congress at Plymouth that they should provoke the Government to action on the Means Test by declaring a boycott of the Coronation celebrations was speaking in good faith. But he could not have made a more irresponsible suggestion.

In asking the workers to support it he merely showed himself to be completely out of touch with Labour sentiment.

Sir Walter Citrine very properly and severely censured the motion, denouncing any attempt to bring the King into politics, and adding that even if the Congress could be persuaded to make such a resolution it was not at all certain that it would be accepted by their constituents in the country.

* * *

SIR WALTER here might with confidence have spoken much more emphatically. It is certain that the proposed boycott would have found no sympathy whatever among the working classes, who, whatever their political opinions may be, are firmly united in loyalty to the Crown and devotion to the Sovereign.

They know that the King has made their cause his own, and that he is constantly seeking practical means of expressing his solicitude for their welfare.

Sir Walter reminded the Congress of the remarkable incident in 1926 when, as Prince of Wales, the King openly subscribed to the South Wales relief fund. Political feeling was running high at the time, but the Prince declined to allow political considerations to interfere with his feelings for fellow-beings in distress.

To-day his wider experience has but deepened his sympathy for the great masses of men and women who bear the burden of the country's most exacting work, and they would give short shrift to any interference with what will be a day of popular homage in the widest possible sense.

* * *

AND speaking of the King and Labour, I should like strongly to support a suggestion that has been made by one of the unions that as far as possible Coronation work, such as the painting of buildings, should be put in hand before the winter in order to relieve the distress of unemployment.

A little forethought might do a very great deal in this direction, and it would certainly have the cordial approval of the King himself.

* * *

THERE seems little doubt that the Coronation will be one of the most striking demonstrations of personal attachment to a sovereign that has ever been known.

I was talking the other day to the Beit Professor of Colonial History at Oxford. It is his especial province to keep in touch with current feeling in the Dominions and Crown Colonies, and he told me that nothing impressed him more in his observation than the fact that with the gradual loosening of official ties between the old dependencies and the Mother Country there was everywhere a steadily deepening attachment to the King himself.

The momentum of that attachment will be felt in full force on Coronation day.

* * *

SUCCESSFUL in the matter of recreation as the King's holiday has been, he had hardly started it before he saw his cherished design of privacy vanish in a blaze of public welcome wherever he went. His tour, in fact, became hardly less than a Royal Progress. In Greece, Turkey, Austria and Bulgaria he paid official visits that were enthusiastically received by popular opinion, and once again he proved himself to be the Empire's best ambassador.

* * *

I HEAR that it was Kemal Ataturk's invitation to visit Istanbul that chiefly decided the King to sacrifice his personal inclinations and undertake a good deal more public activity than he had intended.

I am told that the Istanbul visit was a great success, and is likely to be followed by a return visit of Ataturk to London. The King was particularly interested in the Serail, once the Palace and Seraglio of the Sultans.

I well remember, although its ancient splendour has gone, how strangely the place affects one with a sense of something fabulously remote from the modern world. Incidentally, the King, as usual, had his camera with him at the time. No camera before had ever been allowed past the doorways of what was once the royal harem.

The King was told that the authorities would be pleased for him to take a few pictures, but, realising that this implied a special exception, he put his camera back into its case with thanks and did not use it.

I notice that in St. Sophia the King climbed the scaffolding to inspect the eighth-century mosaics which are one of the marvels of the great cathedral. Their recovery from dirt and encrustation has for some years been the work of an Englishman, and the result, as I know for myself, is astonishingly beautiful.

I see that none of the King's party chose to accompany him on the rather tricky ascent to the working platform. It was their loss.

* * *

IT is natural, I suppose, for some people to become alarmist if the King chooses to see a doctor. His Majesty's consultation with Professor Neumann, the eminent ear specialist in Vienna, was the occasion of quite unnecessary scaremongering.

The fact is that the King on his holiday has been freely indulging his fondness for sea bathing, from which a year or two ago he experienced some slight trouble in the middle-ear.

Merely as a precautionary measure he saw Professor Neumann again at the end of his present holiday, to make sure that there had been no further ill-effects. After the examination the Professor issued a statement that all was well.

* * *

THE arrival at the Egerton stables of four of the King's yearlings from the Sandringham stud suggests that the King intends to resume racing when the period of Court mourning comes to an end.

When he leased his father's racehorses to Lord Derby it was generally supposed in racing circles that this was merely an arrangement for the mourning period, but sportsmen are none the less delighted by what they take to be an assurance of the King's active interest in the Turf.

As a matter of speculation, I can imagine no more joyously animated scene than that of the King leading in a Derby winner.

* * *

I HEAR from my friend Commander C. B. Fry that the boys of his training ship *Mercury* are delighted with the four-oared galley that has just been given to them by the King. It was taken down to Hamble from Virginia Water, and I understand that the boys will use it on ceremonial occasions.

The King has for long taken a special interest in an institution that offers to poor boys all the privileges and prospects that are afforded by the more exclusive training ships, and a few years ago as Prince of Wales he went down to present the prizes.

* * *

WHEN autumn comes, Christmas is not so very far behind, and I learn that already word has been received at Sandringham that the King intends to spend a few days there at that time.

This indicates a gathering of the kind that was so much after King George's heart. One of the last wishes expressed by the late King was that everything possible should be done to preserve the close family associations that were so largely of his own making, and it is doubtless with this wish in mind that the King's thoughts are already turning towards Sandringham for Christmas.

It is the only royal residence that can comfortably accommodate all the families that make up the great family and at the same time provide facilities for Christmas festivities on an ample scale.

* * *

IT seems that the new stamps have established themselves in popular favour. Some artists are angry with the photographer for poaching on what with some confidence they consider to be their preserve, but their objections to the stamp in itself do not convince me.

They tell me the design is bad. I think it is good, and I find that most people agree with me.

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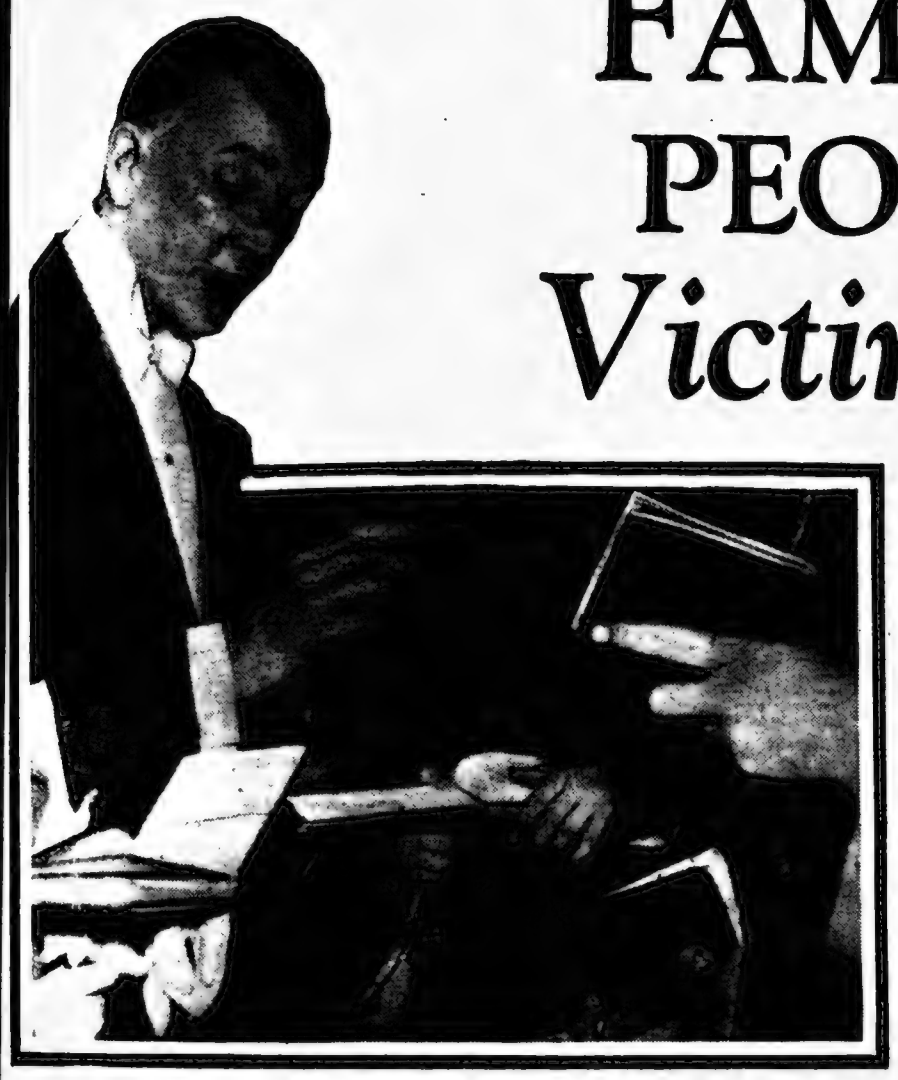
FEED your dog on "Red Heart"! Supplied ready to eat, in sealed tins, it has the right elements, scientifically balanced for a dog's good health, stamina and energy. A 1 lb. tin costs only 6d. If you cannot get it locally, write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Morrell & Co., Ltd., 57, Victoria Street, Liverpool. Further details appear on page 12.

NAIL BITING. Free booklet, sent privately, for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Piltex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Dupes of Autograph Tricksters . .

FAMOUS PEOPLE *Victimised*



Mr. Noel Coward is one of the many theatrical celebrities who has been caused much trouble and annoyance by the activities of autograph crooks.

Weekly Informations by Sir Wyndham Childs

THE names of many people of title and distinction are being misused by certain tricksters who are now reaping a rich harvest in what is becoming known as "the autograph racket."

The tricksters set out in various ways to obtain the autographs of famous people for fraudulent uses, or to get them to reply to specially inspired letters which are addressed to them solely in order to obtain their signatures. Some of them are even impersonated.

Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Trenchard, Lord Sankey, the Marquis of Cambridge, Lord Walsingham, Baron Rothschild, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. L. L. H. Thompson, a principal Permanent Secretary of the Treasury, are a few who have been occasioned much annoyance in consequence.

Exploited

The same tale has to be told in theatrical and film circles, where the names of such well-known celebrities as Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. Jack Hulbert, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., Mr. Archie Pitt, Mr. Bobby Howes, Miss Gracie Fields and Miss Cicely Courtneidge have been flagrantly exploited.

One of our best-known politicians had occasion a short time back to complain to Scotland Yard that a woman was pledging credit in his name at different London stores.

The woman in question, who has never been traced, was using his name to obtain hundreds of pounds worth of goods on credit. The politician said that he had discovered that she had, on one occasion, entered a Regent Street store and, after ordering various articles, produced a cheque which purported to be signed by him for £1,000. She did not want to cash the cheque, she said, but was only showing it as proof that her credit was good.

The politician had never signed that cheque, but enquiries revealed that a woman answering her description had been present at a banquet at which the guests were mostly prominent people who signed their names on menu-cards or in autograph-books.

Though nothing further has so far been heard of the matter, there is little doubt that the signature on that £1,000 cheque had been copied from one of the autographs given that night.

This trick of obtaining autographs by ingenious methods of this kind is becoming increasingly prevalent, and, as my readers will appreciate, popular theatrical celebrities, who find it very difficult to escape from their admirers, are especially sought by the tricksters of whom I now write.

A whole group of stage favourites has been shamefully exploited on several occasions.

In one instance a man with an American accent called at the stage door of the Hippodrome Theatre, London, and, mentioning the name of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., said that he had a supply of exquisite perfume which had only recently arrived in London from his American headquarters, and was "an exclusive new product" of his firm in New York.

Mr. Fairbanks, he said, was a friend of his, and had ordered a supply for his friends. To back up his story he produced a letter which he said another famous star had sent him, together with a cheque supposedly bearing the star's signature in payment of the order.

So great an impression was made by the visitor that he soon disposed of his stock of perfumes at prices ranging from two to four guineas a bottle.

But it was just another "autograph trick." No one knows how this man got the signature in the first place, and the "exclusive new perfume" turned out to be plain water with a slight mixture of cheap scent.

Another American—Americans and aliens from the Continent seem to me to be the chief exponents of these "signature" frauds—descended upon the film world here not long ago.

He, too, talked confidingly of contracts he was supposed to have with a famous star, and obtained sums of money from various people for a film he was going to produce with the star in the leading rôle.

He passed by many names while his operations lasted. But he turned out to be another of these "signature" crooks, with false credentials, and disappeared (to his native America, it is believed) when a warrant for false pretences was issued for his arrest.

Mr. Archie Pitt, the famous revue producer, who first introduced Miss Gracie Fields to London audiences, has, naturally, signed hundreds of autographs in his time. Until recently it never dawned upon him that, numbered in the genuine admirers who have asked for his signature, are crooks who only set out to obtain autographs for criminal purposes.

Vanished

Mr. Pitt recently learned from a young male stage aspirant of an experience he had had with a man who gave the name of Douglas, and said he was a stage producer, and had among his supporters Mr. Archie Pitt.

He was, he said, getting artists together for one of Mr. Pitt's "new shows."

Douglas obtained money from the man and then disappeared.

In another case he got in touch with a young dancer. He looked quite young, was very smartly dressed, and at the subsequent interview made a great impression on the girl.

He asked her to "do a few steps," took notes of her stage experience, and then unfolded the story that Mr. Pitt had commissioned him to engage a select troupe of dancers for his next production.

It was left entirely to him to choose the girls, but there was just one little formality—a commission must be paid to him in each case to cover his expenses.

So anxious was the girl to obtain what looked like being a long and remunerative engagement that her mother willingly advanced the requisite sum, and the girl went home to await instructions for rehearsal, which she understood would be forthcoming within the next few days.

She waited in vain, however; and in the meantime discovered that several other girls had been similarly "engaged," monetary advances being likewise made, and that the whereabouts of the engaging Mr. Douglas had become something of a mystery.

Enquiries at the hotel where the interviews took place elicited the information that he had departed without paying his account; while further investigations revealed that several other people, including an elderly woma engaged as a ballet mistress, had been induced to hand him various sums of money, in return for which they had got nothing.

Perhaps the most amazing thing is that this rogue, when asked for his authority to book artists in this way, produced what purported to be a letter from Mr. Archie Pitt, bearing his usual signature.

It is now clear that Mr. Pitt signed his autograph at the request of someone who handed him an ordinary piece of notepaper on which to do so, and that Douglas had subsequently added a note which made it appear that he was acting as Mr. Pitt's agent.

Film myth

Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Jack Buchanan are two more victims of this "signature" scandal. A short time back a woman named Doris Burton, working from their autographs, wrote letters on the notepaper of the Ritz Hotel, London, and suggested that she was presenting them both in what were to be called Coward-Buchanan films.

She posed as a cousin of Mr. Jack Hulbert, and extracted money from investors for a mythical company she was supposed to control. Like all the others of her kind, she just vanished when she had secured as much cash as possible.

The chances of successful exploitation in the entertainment world are plentiful indeed. For example, a man who posed as an important figure in the film industry walked into an agent's office recently and asked for a good photograph of a famous star in whose way he said he could put some excellent business.

Armed with the photograph, he went to the star's dressing-room and, saying that the agent had sent him along, produced the photograph (which the star knew could only have come from one source) and asked that it should be autographed.

Then, with all kinds of other artists and theatrical people coming in and out, he talked volubly of the film engagements he could obtain. When he left he had heard a good deal of exclusive information about the star and, during later operations, was able to talk in a way which made his stories obviously convincing.

He, too, finally faded out after living for some time on his wits—just another of these "autograph" fraudsmen.

Space does not permit me to give in detail the circumstances in which numerous other prominent people have been similarly exploited, but I am convinced that this fraud is becoming very rife indeed.

Celebrities beware

Miss Gracie Fields, I learn, has been so pestered that she has decided to sign autographs as minutely as possible on separate pieces of paper, which her secretary cuts out and pastes into the books sent to her by autograph hunters.

In many forgery cases recently, where cheques have been passed fraudulently, the police have good reason to believe that the forgeries have had their origin either in autographs or in signatures drawn from unsuspecting people in reply to specially concocted letters sent by crooks for that purpose.

Celebrities, and all people, in fact, whose credit is such that it can be turned into ready cash, should thus be very careful in future if they do not want to find themselves among the increasing list of victims of this new and very profitable autograph fraud.

Serious Warning To FAT PEOPLE

Perils of "Tight-Lacing," Drastic Dieting, Dangerous Drugging, Weakening Purging and Violent Exercises.

The Natural Way To

SLIMNESS and HEALTH

How Chatham Lady

LOST 6 st. 2 lbs.

And Never Altered Her Diet

'SILF'

Brand Obesity Tablets

The SAFE Way to

SLIMNESS

NO greater perils exist for fat people than in the following of unwise slimming methods. The desire to *be* slim or to look slim is commendable and wise. But it is necessary to issue a serious warning.

The pernicious practice of "tight-lacing" cannot be too strongly condemned. It is the worst of all make-shifts because it is exceedingly harmful. A heart already overburdened is still further distressed. Vital organs, already encumbered, are even further constricted, and may be seriously displaced. The wise course is to get rid of the surplus fat—but not by Starvation Diets, Dangerous Drugs, Purging, or Violent Exercises. These practices can only result in a further weakening of the system and maybe permanent health derangements.

To-day, Slimness can be restored in a Safe, Natural, and Healthful way through the aid of "Silf" Brand Obesity Tablets.

Here is pictured only ONE of the terrible disadvantages and dangers of fatness—but the perils and indignities are manifold. Why suffer them? Take "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets and be SLIM Naturally.

LOST 6 st. 2 lbs.

Dear Sirs,—Your splendid fat-reducer, "Silf," has done so much for me that I am writing to say how grateful I am.

Until six months ago I weighed no less than 16 stone 12 lbs.—much too heavy for a woman of my height—but to-day I only weigh 10 st. 10 lbs. **What a wonderful change—a reduction of 6st. 2lbs.**

And let me say I have never felt better in health—for I had got very run-down—had to be always resting—could scarcely walk about and felt a worn-out woman with nerves shaken and no energy left.

Let me also say that I never altered my habits of eating and diet. I still enjoy all my food, and this fact should be of good cheer to all stout people.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. M. C., Chatham.

7 Days' Trial

You are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of "Silf" Brand Obesity Tablets, and if after taking them for seven days, as directed, you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial you may return the empty box to the Silf Company, Ltd., 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1, and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

REDUCES WEIGHT—REBUILDS HEALTH.

Whether the fatness is LOCAL (such as a double chin or thick ankles) or GENERAL to the whole body, "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets are equally efficacious. Whether you have only just begun to put on weight or have been burdened for years, the action of "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets is just as wonderful.

As the superfluous fat is banished so does Perfect Health return. As the body is freed from its inward and outward fetters of fat so does the system return to its normal functions, the heart beats truly and without distress, weakness and all other untoward symptoms vanish.

And no matter how long you take "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets they cannot cause you the slightest harm. Indeed, once they have restored you to normal, their action is purely a healthful one, providing a wonderful tonic to the whole system, and keeping in check that tendency to "put on fat" which is the constant worry of so many men and women.

GUARANTEE

WE guarantee that "Silf" (Brand) Obesity Tablets are composed solely of Pure Vegetable Extracts and are prepared under the strict supervision of fully qualified Chemists. The fact that millions of boxes have already been sold is evidence of the harmlessness and suitability of this tried and tested formula.

1/3
3/-
and
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per box

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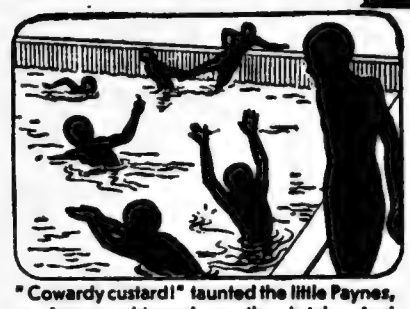
From all Chemists or post free by sending the price to—

THE SILF Co., Ltd. (Dept. 46V)
39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.



"Cowardy custard!" taunted the little Paynes, as Joanna shivered on the brink. And even her special friends felt she "wasn't much fun." But Jo wasn't *really* cowardly.

She was nervy and run down. Mother wondered, "Perhaps her teeth . ." "Her mouth is unhealthy," said the Dentist "See that she uses Gibbs Dentifrice regularly."

Jo's general health soon showed the difference that clean teeth and healthy mouth make! She fairly bubbled with high spirits. Now her friends found her a good sport.

"Mum! I can dive now!" cried Jo after swimming lesson. "I used to be frightened, but not now." "What a difference Gibbs has made to her spirits!" thought mother.

Gibbs Dentifrice foams its way irresistibly into every little crevice of gums and teeth, sweeps away impurities, neutralises acids, kills germs, refreshes and tones the whole mouth. Dentists heartily endorse Gibbs Dentifrice because Gibbs does its splendid work safely. Gibbs keeps teeth pearly with the sparkling whiteness that tells of unscratched enamel. Safe for children and effective for grown-ups, Gibbs is the family dentifrice — change to GIBBS to-day!

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In Tins 7½d., 1/-, 1/6
Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE
In Tubes 6d. & 1/-

GD 120 LR.

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Everything that is new . . . strange . . . thrilling in the world of animal life and Nature will be found in the magnificent September issue of "ZOO"—now on Sale, sixpence. This great new pictorial magazine is alive with scores of amazing photographs of wild beasts in their native haunts . . . remarkable articles by famous explorers . . . gripping animal stories—SIXTY-FOUR big amazingly illustrated pages in all! You'll see an extraordinary two-page panorama of Wild Elephants Going down to the River—the hair-raising description of Capture of the Giant Forest Hog—Perils of the Jungle Pool—there's a true story of the Elephant Boy that will amaze you—you'll watch Sea Midgets which Feed Sea Monsters. There's a host of other great features too including Advice about your Pets, how to feed them—how NOT to feed them.

This grand issue of ZOO is selling out fast—don't miss it—get your copy NOW—price 6d.

A Life SAVED —a JOB Lost

ONE of the most saddened and perplexed young men in Britain to-day must be Albert Pollard, of 56, Marston Gardens, Hartlepool, Co. Durham. Three times he has risked his life to save others, yet his net reward to date is a lost job and a shattered constitution.

Like all true heroes, he is modestly unassuming, and it is characteristic of him that he has voiced no word of lament or protest at the cruel blows which Fate has dealt him. It is only by chance that his story has become known to us, and we hasten to publish the facts in the hope that something may now be done to end the grievous injustices he has been made to suffer.

Pollard's last rescue was performed a week or two ago, when he went to the aid of a nineteen-year-old girl who had got into difficulties some seventy yards from the shore at Hartlepool.

The moment he heard her cries for help he plunged into the sea, and after a desperate struggle finally succeeded in bringing the drowning girl safely back to the shore.

Both rescuer and rescued collapsed, but fortunately a doctor, who was motoring past, was able to render prompt treatment.

Had Pollard not required medical assistance the story of his trials and sufferings might never have come to light. As it was, he hurried away from the scene of his heroism immediately he revived; and even when he reached his home, drenched and exhausted, he refused to enlighten his wife as to the full reason for his condition.

It was the medical man—Dr. John Ellison, of Weston-super-Mare—who eventually divulged the heroic rescuer's name.

Bitter memories

Pollard had every reason to be reticent, for he had bitter memories of a previous act of heroism which cost him a good job and threw him into the ranks of the unemployed.

It was true that he had now no job to lose, but there was a dread that if Means Test officials once began to enquire into the affair they might imagine that he had gained some monetary reward for his heroism, with the result that his meagre dole would be curtailed.

Though these fears may have been groundless, it is only necessary to recount the story of his earlier rescue in order to understand this despairing attitude of mind.

At that time he was employed as a porter in what he had always regarded as regular employment with a large firm in West Hartlepool.

The nature of his work called for a man of irreproachable character, and there is no doubt that Pollard was the ideal man for the job. He had access to all departments and enjoyed a full measure of trust. His employers, indeed, then had nothing but praise for his character, reliability and honesty.

There was no cloud upon his horizon until he was suddenly stricken with a bad attack of influenza, which necessitated his being confined to bed for some time. But he gradually recovered and, during convalescence, ventured out for a quiet stroll along the seashore.

That stroll was to prove his undoing. He had not gone far before he was attracted by a girl's cries far out to sea. In his weakened state he would have been fully justified in hesitating, or refusing to enter the water. But there was no one else at hand, and he thought only of the drowning girl, whose cries were becoming more frantic.

The Hartlepool seafront, where Pollard (right) saved two lives

Hero's Reward for Bravery

So this invalid, who had not long risen from the sick-bed, unhesitatingly faced the double risk and plunged into the sea. His endurance was taxed to the utmost, but somehow he contrived to reach the girl and to bring her back to the beach.

As a result of this magnificent piece of bravery Pollard suffered an immediate relapse. At one period his condition was so critical that his life was despaired of. That he finally regained some measure of his old health is little short of a miracle.

Meanwhile, the story of his heroism had received some publicity in the Press, though Pollard had little to say of the affair. Then, just as he was beginning to regain strength, an unexpectedly cruel blow fell.

His employers, no doubt perturbed by his prolonged absence, sent a representative to interrogate him and ascertain when he would be able to return to work. Greatly distressed, Pollard at once consulted his doctor and asked for permission to resume his duties.

The medical man's reply was a most emphatic refusal. Pollard's condition was still so uncertain that in no circumstances could he be allowed to start working.

Thus Pollard was torn between two desires—to placate his employers and to obey his doctor's advice. In spite of the latter's warning that he would not be responsible for the consequences, Pollard bravely returned to work.

A week later he was staggered to receive notice of dismissal!

The curt note that announced this came as a bombshell. Pollard approached his manager and asked for an explanation. He was told that instructions had come through from the managing director at the head office. Pollard pressed for a reason why he should have been singled out for dismissal, and was finally informed that it was due to "slackness of business."

The only one!

There was nothing he could do but accept his employers' decision. He was given excellent commendation as to character and qualifications and, at his request, the manager added a postscript to his reference to the effect that dismissal was due to slackness of trade.

Imagine Pollard's consternation when he later discovered that he was the only person dismissed out of a staff numbering hundreds, and that his position had been filled again almost immediately!

From that time Albert Pollard, hero of three rescues, willing and conscientious worker, has, with the exception of odd periods when he has secured temporary jobs as a van driver, known all the rigours and heartbreak of unemployment. And he has a wife and child to support.

His first rescue was performed when he was a boy of ten; his second cost him his job, and his third has further undermined a constitution that was never too robust.

He is a frail young man with the heart of a lion. He possesses a batch of references that any man might envy. Yet he is on the "dole" and sees no prospect of work ahead.

Small wonder that he asks if heroism is worth while!

We earnestly appeal to his old employers to reconsider this sterling fellow's sad plight. It will be to their credit if they arrange for his immediate reinstatement in the job he should never have lost.

Phantom Radium Offer

THE fact that a devastating civil war is raging in Spain has been used by a mysterious individual as justification for making a strange offer to people in various parts of the country.

A reader living in a Midland town recently received an intriguing but unsolicited letter from a mystery man who signed himself as J. H. Adam.

If Mr. Adam possessed a permanent address, then he preferred to keep it secret, for letters to him were to be sent care of the post office at Portsmouth.

His queer offer was contained in a typewritten letter which began as follows:

"I am writing to ask you whether you can help me in a matter the facts of which are these. During the early part of the Civil War which is still raging in Spain, my partner then managed to acquire a considerable quantity of radium.

"Most of this is still in Spain, but about £4,000 worth is with him at present in Portugal. We want to dispose of this to get funds to enable him to return to Spain for the residue.

"I cannot tell you other than personally how we should dispose of the radium in England.

"The whole matter must be treated confidentially and with the greatest care, as the radium is believed to have come from the Communist Government Laboratories in Madrid, and its loss is known."

So the mysterious Mr. Adam, with fingers pressed to lips indicating that secrecy must be observed, goes on to explain that he wants to find three trustworthy men to whom the radium can be sent in England.

He even offers to a man living in the Midlands, who is unknown to him, a reward of anything from £100 to £400 for his services in receiving the radium.

• *Write to*

JOHN BULL

About it!

People who receive such letters making such queer offers have a right to view with suspicion a scheme of such a fantastic nature.

It is obvious that if Mr. Adam, who uses an accommodation address, wishes to receive radium coming from Spain, any shipping agent would accept delivery, or, failing that, Mr. Adam could receive it himself.

Recently an attempt to arrange an interview with mysterious Mr. Adam was made, but he seems to have disappeared from Portsmouth. Telegrams sent to him were unanswered. He may have become aware that enquiries were being made about him.

We do not know how many people he has approached, but we have no doubt that his main appeal would have been for "the funds" to enable his unnamed partner in Portugal to collect the presumably stolen radium, by crossing the frontier to Spain.

Readers will be well advised to ignore Mr. Adam's queer offer, which looks like a variation on the old "Spanish Prisoner" trick, which is almost as old as Adam.

OPEN LETTER to Mr. SOMEBODY and HIS SON

Dear Sir,—The natural desire of most parents is to give their children a fair chance in life in the form of a good College Training, also there are many young men who would like to **go to College,** but for some reason are not able to do so. Let us tell you here and now, you can get a Complete College Training without having to go anywhere, and at a reasonable monthly fee for tuition. For well over 30 years we have been training students for all the Key positions, by post, in all parts of the world. Distance is nothing when you are studying by your own fireside.

The nature of our business makes us keep in touch with employment requirements, therefore we specialise in preparing students for the good positions which we know exist, and for all the worth-while examinations.

Write to us for Free particulars of any subject which interests you, or if your career is not decided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

You will be under no obligation whatever, it is our pleasure to help.

J. H. Bennett

HOW TO STUDY.

In your spare time when it suits YOU. You fix your own time, you do not GO to your studies, the postman brings THEM TO YOU. There is nothing that a classroom teacher can show on a blackboard that we cannot show on a white paper. The lesson on a blackboard will be cleaned off, but our lessons are PERMANENT. A classroom teacher cannot give you a private word of encouragement, but a Correspondence Tutor can do so whenever your work deserves it. On the other hand he can, where necessary, point out your mistakes PRIVATELY.

TO STUDENTS LIVING ABROAD

or on the high seas, a good supply of lessons is given, so that they may be done in their order and despatched to us for examination and correction. They are then sent back with more work, and in this way a continuous stream of work is always in transit from the Student to us and from us to the Student, therefore distance makes no difference.

YOUNG MEN.

Young men physically fit and whose careers are not definitely fixed should join the Police Force. We have special Courses for Entrance and Promotion. 1/- per week brings success. Full Particulars Free.

Address:
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Engineers, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training, we can give you that by post. Full particulars free. Dept. 31.

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Municipal and County Engineers
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Pattern Making
Police, Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Service Engineering
Radio Communication
Road-Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship, I.S.M.A.
Sanitation
Secretarial Exams.
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
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Teachers of Handicrafts
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If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject.

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CIVIL SERVICE.

Suitable to both sexes. Ages 15½ to 24.

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SYNOPSIS.

The Elements of Drawing — Definition of Terms — The Tools of the Trade — Perspective — Shading — Elementary Pattern Designing — Line, Stipple and Wash — Anatomy — Drawings of the Head in Line — Drawings of the Hand — Drawings of the Foot — Male Fashion Drawing — Ladies' Fashion Drawing — Animals — The Study of Flowers — Trees — Facial Expressions — Illustration of Books — Sketches, Cartoons and Caricatures — Lettering and Typography — Advertising Illustrations.

COLOUR.

Artists' Materials — Water-colours — Landscape — Showcard Design — Calendar Designing — Decoration of Pottery — Textile Designing — Wall-Paper Designs — Carpet Designs — Coloured Book-Cover Designs — Poster Designing.

HOW TO SELL THE ABILITIES ACQUIRED.

This is the most important part of the Course, and has been written to help the artist **to get on the market**—i.e., to sell the product of his or her abilities.

IT IS THE PERSONAL TOUCH WHICH COUNTS IN POSTAL TUITION

PRESS COMMENTS:

EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY.
The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield, have a wonderful record of success, and have trained many now famous artists.

ANSWERS.
There is scope here for those who can produce new ideas in pictures; but however novel their ideas may be, training in the art of drawing is necessary.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.
Many people have a natural gift for drawing or sketching, others can acquire the art by practice, and these are the people for whom the Course is specially recommended.
Sixty per cent. of Commercial Art is done by Free Lance Artists, and the tuition offered by The Bennett College will assist every student to make money by this method.

DUBLIN OPINION.
Seldom have we seen the ground so well covered and in so interesting a manner.

THE ARTIST, referring to the Text Books which we sent to the Editor for review, says:
"The Books are really Reference Books giving all the information likely to be needed by anyone entering Commercial Art, and as such are extremely valuable."

TIT-BITS.
If you believe yourself to possess latent artistic talent you should not hesitate to enquire into this up-to-date and very complete Course. It has been prepared by a number of well-known artists, each a recognised expert in the particular subject dealt with.
The copiously illustrated Text Books which are supplied to every student are the "very last word" in thoroughness.
The Course is essentially practical.
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Note Address: Dept. 31. **THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.**

WICKED *Christian* CRUSADE

PEOPLE who take upon themselves the responsibility of founding charitable institutions should, if they are in earnest, first see that the work they propose to undertake is not already well covered by old-established and capably administered organisations.

All efforts that are made to ensure this vital principle being observed, and to stamp out superfluous charities and impostors who operate in the guise of charity, should therefore receive universal support and approbation.

This being so, we were interested to receive a few weeks ago a letter from a concern called the Christian Crusaders' Mission, whose "Head Office," according to its notepaper, is in Rutland Street, Edinburgh, and which claims to have "Mission Halls" in St. James' Square, Edinburgh, and Market Street, Leith.

The letter was signed by Stephen Ballantine, who is described as the "Honorary Secretary," and informed us that we were being communicated with on the instructions of his "Committee of Management" in connection with various articles about "bogus charity-mongers which have appeared from time to time in your valued paper."

The Christian Crusaders' Mission, we were further told, had on numerous occasions "publically" exposed so-called charities, and its organisers were striving "to raise up a public opinion to have all charities registered."

Next, Mr. Ballantine referred to articles which have appeared in JOHN BULL about a venture called the Christian Volunteer Force, run by a Commander James Hutchinson, and revealed that the Christian Crusaders' Mission had also exposed this concern.

"No later than Tuesday, July 28, 1936," he said, "we held a public meeting at the Mound, Edinburgh, where a crowd numbering close on three thousand of Edinburgh citizens heard our statement about the Christian Volunteers."

Challenged

Having thus acclaimed the Christian Crusaders' Mission as supporters of this journal, Mr. Ballantine went on to relate that, at the said meeting, Commander Hutchinson's son "challenged our statements, and publicly stated that the Christian Volunteers was a registered charitable organisation, recognised by the Board of Trade." But, added Mr. Ballantine, when asked when such registration took place, Hutchinson said, "a few days ago."

Then the writer came down to the real purpose of his letter. "What (1) value do you place on this company registration?" he asked. "Does (2) such registration enable Commander Hutchinson and his satellites to proclaim to the public that they are a registered charitable institution, or is Commander Hutchinson trying to seek a way out of his many troubles?

"It was unanimously agreed at our Committee of Management meeting, held on the 5th inst., that we would engage one of the large halls in Edinburgh and continue our exposure of Commander Hutchinson and others."

Well, there is no charity registration "recognised by the Board of Trade," but we did not tell Mr. Ballantine so. Instead, we acknowledged his letter and, in view of information which has been steadily reaching us about the "Mission" of which he is secretary, we decided to test some of its lofty aims and to discover just how far it could itself stand the test of investigation.

The Christian Crusaders' Mission is an organisation run by an individual called John Thomson, who, styling himself "Staff Captain," is the officer in charge. He is the chief crusader.

Commander Hutchinson, junior, of the Christian Volunteer Force, in whose ranks Thomson served before launching his own crusade

Thomson makes a great pretence of providing free breakfasts for the poor and needy, and according to his own account thousands of poor children go on holiday at the expense of the "mission" he controls.

He is an evangelist whose charitable endeavours are far from being as earnest as he would have the public believe.

His "Mission" is quite unrecognised in local religious circles, and is thoroughly superfluous—to say the least.

Thomson was formerly a collector for another concern which came to our notice some time ago.

He can be extremely eloquent in his religious addresses, and there is little doubt that he has convinced many listeners, at both his mission and street-corner meetings, of his apparent sincerity as a benefactor of the poor, hungry and needy.

True character

But though he has thus contrived to make himself something of a public figure, we think it in the public interest that his supporters should be acquainted with the true character of the apostle who would set them all crusading.

Thomson began to collect for his "Crusade" some four years ago, and an analysis of his latest statement of accounts shows that his administrative expenses are unduly high.

This so-called balance-sheet is so vaguely drawn up that it is impossible to discover how much is really collected, or how much is actually allocated to charitable purposes.

The account is adorned with an impressive crest, replete with crown and laurels, but it has neither an auditor's report nor the backing of any responsible authority.

All that it reveals is that Thomson is the "Founder," the "Honorary Life President" and a "Staff Captain"—in other words, the moving spirit in the Christian Crusaders' Mission.

Exploitation

He served his "charity" apprenticeship when he was active with the notorious Christian Volunteer Force, which organisation he now bitterly attacks.

The Christian Volunteer Force, under the leadership of a certain "Commander" Hutchinson, gained for itself an unenviable reputation in Cardiff, Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester, among other places, because of its heartless exploitation of the poor.

It sent out its collectors, parading them in smart uniforms with military facings and badges, and it established "stations" all over the country which managed to carry on until various landlords experienced difficulty in collecting rents.

Only last week a collector for the Christian Volunteer Force was in trouble with the police in Ireland, charged with begging while working from a Belfast "station."

Despite Thomson's fervent "exposures" of Commander Hutchinson, with whom he has had a personal quarrel, his own Christian Crusaders Mission is really little more than a copy of the concern in whose employ he formerly was!

He is sending out his collectors, providing them with uniforms, and paying them a third of all money they gather on his behalf.

"Staff Captain" John Thomson, of the Christian Crusaders' Mission, is about the last person who should be entrusted with the responsibility he has taken upon himself.

Both the mission halls at which the organisation holds its meetings, and which are not at all as fully attended as Thomson and his co-administrators would have one imagine, are small; and many of his collectors are people who, destitute, went to his Crusade for assistance.

They were fitted out with uniforms and sent out on a door-to-door visitation.

Thomson has passed by various names in the past, at one time being John Forsyth Thomson, at another John Gray, while John Thomson Forsyth and John Thomson Gray are others he has favoured when it has suited his purpose to do so.

Unjustified

From the information in our possession, he is not in the least fitted to be in charge of any charitable movement, and his widespread appeals are thoroughly unjustified.

The organisation Thomson has now founded is without official recognition and quite unworthy of public support. It is entirely centred around the personality of its most dubious founder, and the donations gathered in by his uniformed collectors would be far better applied to properly established charities.

Tale of Two Telegrams

EVER since 1924 a brave fight has been going on at 61, Bell Street, Henley-on-Thames. Alone in the world there, except for her young daughter, widowed Mrs. Brooks has struggled to make her baker's and confectioner's shop a success. By hard work and careful planning, mother and daughter kept their little business afloat, paid the wages of their four employees and gradually built up a clientele of satisfied customers. Then, the other Friday, a telegraph boy handed Miss Brooks a golden Joy Wire which swept all their cares away.

Miss Thomson

After working at the shop's books at nights, you see, Miss Brooks had persevered with JOHN BULL's competitions. And that thrilling telegram told her that in our 31st Crossword Contest she had shared with some other entrant the fine sum of £750.

"You can imagine what this splendid prize will mean to me," she said to a JOHN BULL representative. "I shall give half of my £375 to mother, and now those worrying accounts will be settled."

That same afternoon, when another telegraph boy knocked at the door of 62, Holdenhurst Avenue, Finchley, N., and asked for Thomson, his gay Greetings envelope was opened by a white-haired man.

Miss Brooks

"My thoughts flew like lightning," this professional musician told a JOHN BULL representative. "Was this a *Bullets* or a Crossword prize for me? Then I found that it was my daughter who had won £375 in Crossword No. 31—and on her return home I had the joy of giving her the great news."

"I have been competing for three years," said Miss Thomson, "and have thoroughly enjoyed it, although this is the first prize of any kind I have won."

Do as well as these two young women Crosswordersthis week and on Friday, October 2, a golden Joy Wire will bring you news of an even greater success, for the prize-list has now been increased.

Even a half-share of the new First Prize offered for the entertaining common-sense Crossword on page 40 would be a £400 cheque, to which a superb All-wave Radio will be added.

But there is no reason why you should not do better still and capture outright that 30s. Weekly Life Pension and immediate fortune of £500. Be wise and get busy on that fascinating puzzle this evening.

SECRETS of the £200,000,000 GAMBLE

IN that very hush-hush inner circle of Whitehall, where one Department merges into another, where Budget proposals, for instance, are hatched and all large-scale legislation is planned, and weighed against that mysterious thing called "public policy," there are men hard at work just now on one of the toughest problems they have ever confronted.

They are trying to find out the facts about one of the oldest and most widespread of Britain's industries, and one whose annual turnover entitles it to rank among the greatest.

Its name will surprise you. It is the gambling and betting industry.

The reasons for this Whitehall investigation can, of course, be easily guessed. There is more legislation pending against the industry. There always is. Pressure comes from without, by the Churches and the numerous reforming and "social" organisations, who want to curtail the industry on moral grounds, and from within, by the revenue-hungry Exchequer which sees in it only a golden stream of spare cash to be tapped and taxed.

To effect either of these two objects, it is obviously necessary for the Government to have a clear and close estimate of the size of the industry, the finances involved, its various sections, the numbers of its customers and the people who live on it and by it.

That is the problem the Whitehall experts are up against, a problem which has defeated two Royal Commissions, a Select Committee and numerous other enquiries. For there is no industry more coy, where issues are more confused, where facts are harder to separate from assumption, than gambling and betting. You can get the whole story of iron and steel, food and clothing, or any of the "something for something" industries in half a day's work among trade, financial and employment returns. But try that with the "something for nothing" industry! Founded on hope, something of the elusiveness of that human quality seems to permeate its entire structure. Perhaps those Government experts by doing subtraction sums with all the other industries and the nation's total are somewhere near the full truth. But nobody else is, inside or outside the industry.

Nevertheless, an attempt can be made. And JOHN BULL here presents what, we believe, is a fair picture of the industry as it has grown to-day, of its finance, the occupations dependent on it, and its recent developments. The facts and figures we give have been collected from many sources. But they are as authoritative as possible, and the figures, in every case, can be taken as *lowest* estimates.

First of all, let us get an idea of the size, in annual turnover, of the industry.

The volume of betting on horse-racing has been officially stated to be not less than £200,000,000. Even in 1923 a House of Commons Select Committee accepted that figure as the amount which passed through the hands of bookmakers. It does not include "tote" and "ready money" betting of pence and a few shillings which has grown enormously since then. The racecourse totes, for instance, add over £6,000,000 in turnover to this total.

The bookmakers, through their official representatives, have always objected strongly to this estimate of £200,000,000. They say the figure is nearer a quarter of this amount. Furthermore, they declare that it is unfair to compare turnover in bookmaking with that in other industries. The funds "invested" change hands more quickly and are magnified to swell the turnover.

Queer figures

To quote a single illustration.

A trainer (we'll call him X) may ring up a local bookie and put £10 each way—a total investment of £20—on one of his own horses.

Spectacular in its swift growth, pool betting on football has provided immense profits for the Post Office, as well as creating thousands of jobs in pool offices as shown below . . .

"Ah!" says the bookmaker, "X thinks he has something good." So the local bookie passes the bet on, say, to a London firm with another £20 added on for himself.

That original £20 has now grown to £60 in total turnover—namely, £20 on the local man's book and £40 on the London firm's book, all in a matter of minutes. It would swell still further if there were more "laying off" between the London man and somebody else.

But the only valid protest the bookmakers could make, against "exaggerated estimates" of turnover, would be to produce their own actual figures from their own books. That they have never done, nor are they likely to do.

We know, however, as a fact (as against assumption) that in 1929, when the Betting Tax was abandoned, tax was paid on an annual turnover of £90,000,000 of "course" and "office" betting only. The authorities who administered the tax claimed that another 50 per cent. was being evaded. That brings us to £135,000,000. Add the development since of tote and ready money betting, and it should be fair to put the volume of horse-race betting at £150,000,000 annually. Next comes "the dogs." The exact betting turnover here is even more difficult to estimate than in horse-racing because although the totes do the bulk of the business there is no central authority over them like the Racecourse Betting Control Board, and full figures have never been disclosed.

But—300,000,000 persons pass through the turnstiles of the tracks every year, and the bulk come to bet. It is a sport founded on betting. Three of the London tracks between them had a turnover of £5,000,000 last year—and there are over 200 tracks in the country. Including the bookmaker betting at all tracks, it is a conservative estimate, the greyhound betting turnover is £35,000,000.

The totes can be said to live on the "little man's" bets. According to the 1935 report of the Racecourse Betting Control Board, out of 13,500,000 tickets issued on racecourse totes 10,500,000 were of two shilling denomination. On the greyhound totes that figure—and the proportions—will not be less.

The bookies, on the other hand, can be said to handle the bulk of the "big man's" money—the professional backers and the like. To them, as to the bookie, the tote is "a toy," although to the latter it has become a very nasty, profits-eating toy.

There is this also to be said on the question of betting turnover, and from the bookies' point of view, before we leave the subject altogether.

Their turnover, they claim, goes

. . . Yet the older form of gambling on horse-racing provides figures equally as staggering. Since the inception of the Tote course betting has received an additional fillip, and an annual turnover of £150,000,000 has been reached!

—The Government is Trying to Discover Them

back again into betting circulation for another year, less the average of about 3½ per cent. all round which is taken by them. But the tote takes 10 per cent. of all bets invested, which money disappears for ever from betting circulation. Actually, when certain "paying out" rules are taken into consideration, the tote clears 11 per cent.

Last of the biggest forms of flutter is the football pools.

The combined annual turnover was estimated this year by the Home Office Under-Secretary to be about £20,000,000. Two years ago the amount was about £8,000,000.

The remaining forms of gambling may be mentioned because they help to swell total turnover. Chiefly they are the sweepstake lotteries and the automatic gambling machines in clubs and amusement parks. According to the Royal Commission, the first took £10,000,000 in the best year. And the estimated 20,000 gambling machines in the country, taking an *average* of £4 weekly each, gives us about £4,000,000 here.

Sorting it out

The activities of the police, however, have cut the combined turnover of lotteries and gambling machines by at least half.

So, £7,000,000 for these. And quite enough, too, when it is remembered that most of this is money gone for ever.

We see, therefore, that the total amount of turnover in all forms of gambling and betting in this country, and using the most rigid conservatism in all our estimates, is not far short of £212,000,000 annually.

We hope that the Government experts who alone have access to the detailed balance-sheets of the nation's income and expenditure, will be able to decide how much of that turnover is original "investment" and how much profit—for nobody else can.

And now—what does the industry handling this colossal turnover contribute to the nation in the way all other industries do, in employment, in trade, in revenue.

The facts on this side are as sparse and hard to gather as on the financial. There does not exist any single organisation in the industry for collecting such material about itself. But here are a few gleanings with regard to horse-racing.

The bookmakers directly claim that they are an asset to the combined business of horse-breeding, racecourse proprietorship and racing. Their rings pay racecourse dividends and their presence brings the crowds. The starting-price bookmaker is the medium which keeps up the public interest for the millions off the course.

There are, roughly, 20,000 bookmakers in the country. Counting clerks, tic-tac men, typists, office assistants and others, they give direct employment to 80,000 people.

The bookmakers who work the courses, travelling from meeting to meeting throughout the year, number about 750. There is an average of four men attached to each principal, getting at least £5 a week and expenses. They constitute a perpetually travelling army of nearly 4,000 men—good for the railway companies and hotels. Racing men "live well." The course bookmaker, averaged between the "silver ring" man and the Tattersall's man, spends £2,500 a year in travelling expenses for himself and staff and in betting fees.

Betting fees are a sore point with the bookies. They claim that they have paid out over £1,000,000 in the last few years, which money was intended to be used for improving stands and public amenities on racecourses. Instead, they say, that money has gone to pay shareholders' dividends.

Behind the bookies, and also dependent on the gambling and betting industry, are some 20,000 men who are employed by racecourse managements as gardeners, attendants, and in general labour during racing periods.

Behind that, again, and equally dependent, is the huge bloodstock industry.

There are 10,000 horses in training for the flat and "over the sticks." Ten thousand men find continuous employment looking after them—one man to each horse. Every year £2,500,000 goes into the pockets of corn chandlers and farmers for bedding and forage.

The money put into circulation by these horses is beyond computing—and all because of gambling and betting. Last year, on "the flat" alone, they won £741,241 in stake money.

But the prime example of a sport which exists for betting alone is greyhound racing. In ten years it has grown into an organisation involving £15,000,000 of invested capital.

Over 20,000 people find employment directly and indirectly in the business. The tote machines alone employ 5,000 men repairing and adjusting their complicated interiors and handling the cash transactions.

Factory system

Fifty-five thousand greyhounds are in training, each of them helping to create more employment far beyond the confines of the business. For instance, at one track, Wimbledon, where there are 200 greyhounds, food items for the year include 36 tons of bread, 18 tons of meat, 6 tons of carrots, 6 tons of onions, 4,100 gallons of milk.

More spectacular, however, in progress and system are the football pools, which are just starting another season of their rocket-like career.

The pools are the little man's gamble entirely, and it is gambling run on factory lines.

There are 28 pool firms now operating, and 7,000,000 people deal with them each week of the football season. They pay out £130,000 a week. In volume of business done, in employment created, and in the organisation for speedy handling of that business, few of the staple industries of the country can beat the pools.

Two firms alone, in Liverpool, employ between them 6,000 workers. One of the firms pays out £3,000 in wages every week. Other outgoings in a week are £500 for printing, £3,000 in postage, £5,000 in postal orders, and £30,000 paid out in winnings.

Special trains

Already the volume of business has created huge problems for the promoters in labour and handling. One firm in Liverpool has to go as far afield as Leeds and Birmingham to recruit its clerical staff for the peak rushes at the week-ends. It brings them by special trains from their homes, feeds and shelters them while at work, and then sends them back home again by special train for their ordinary work on Monday morning.

It pays them £1 a day for these extra week-end jobs. Thousands of office workers paid for their holidays this year out of pool "overtime." A few thousand more have got new furniture and new clothes.

The State, through the Post Office, has done well. In October last year it handled 25,200,600 pool packages. That was only "one way" traffic—packages posted by the pool offices themselves.

At the Post Office Workers' Conference at Brighton last May, the delegates made a demand for extra established staff in the pool towns. One speaker stated that pools posting at Liverpool last September was 100 per cent. up on the previous year.

The existing Post Office machinery had broken down under the strain. During the height of the football season 750,000 ordinary letters had to be diverted unsorted each week from Liverpool to be dealt with at Crewe, Manchester and Chester.

Whetted appetites

So there is Britain's gambling and betting industry. On the one hand, a £200,000,000-odd turnover built up for the most part out of shilling and "two bob" flutters; and on the other, direct wage-earning employment for something like 200,000 people, millions of pounds spent in trade, and millions more to the State and the transport companies.

We express no view here as to the social desirability or otherwise of this mammoth industry. We leave that to the moralists whose job it is to make out a case on this point. We merely state the facts as we find them.

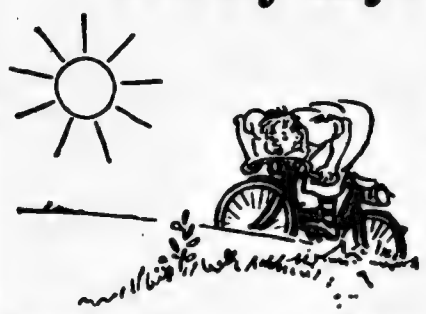
Whether the Government experts now getting the "low-down" on the industry will find any loopholes or basis for additional taxation is a very moot point.

They have tried before, with the Betting Tax, which was a very sticky and inglorious failure.

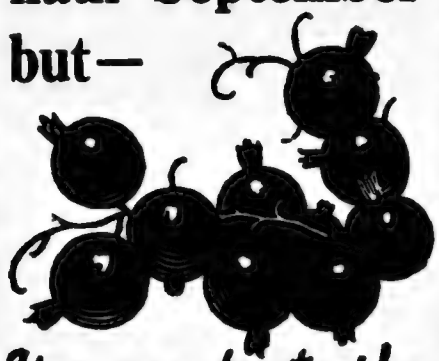
As is the way with Governments, the yield already through Income Tax, Entertainment Tax and the Post Office revenue from the industry has only whetted their appetites for more.

But as to the hopes of any fresh demand being satisfied—that is a chance we do not care to bet upon.

Thirsty days



hath September but—



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Concluding

AIR MERCENARY

"When things go wrong at the front," says T. Wewege-Smith, the Englishman who flew for Bolivia in the Chaco War, "you may be certain that the politicians will begin to denounce the generals, while the High Command in the field snorts its contempt of an incompetent Government."

From this situation a crisis is apt to develop and revolution may follow hard upon the heels of war. On the other hand, "lead" horses can sometimes be "swapped" in mid-stream.

The latter method was adopted at the end of 1934, when the Paraguayans were winning all along the front, and to-day Wewege-Smith gives a vivid personal account of an amazing coup-d'état in which he and his brother aviators settled all argument by kidnapping the President!

We singled out our victim and invited him politely to step aside and follow us

by T. Wewege-Smith

WE KIDNAP THE PRESIDENT

THAT evening, outside Rogas' adobe hut, the sky was black with locusts, and, like the dust, they got into everything. The enemy was attacking and advancing all along the line.

The Green Hell, that was never worth fighting for, encompassed us and shut us off and suffocated imagination.

It wasn't easy to keep tempers cool in that climate. Rage was loosed by a hair trigger of provocation. Even sanity was a matter of nice definition at times.

Solares and I argued about it once and agreed that, so far, we were both normal. But we also gravely discussed the possibility of the other fellows being 100 per cent. sane and ourselves a little mad. We came to the conclusion that it didn't matter either way.

In war, I think that ultimately everything ceases to matter except the job in hand. One reaches a stage when it is the outside life that seems unreal; when one can't imagine what it would feel like *not* to be at war; not to be in uniform; not to be giving orders and obeying them; not to have surrendered all personal liberty, including, for what it may be worth, all true freedom of thought.

Of course, the aviator is never such a slave as the infantryman. He has wings. They fly him into action, but they bear him back again away from the filth and beastliness of the trenches and out of the wild confusion and maddening disorder of retreat.

Things were going very badly for the Bolivians at this time. The "Pilas" had recaptured Picubia with an encircling movement even bigger than our own had been.

In this sector we lost 5,000 men from thirst alone! They were cut off from our main army and to return meant a hundred miles detour through the stifling and waterless forest.

They perished in the dense undergrowth of the Chaco. No more than a handful of ragged, tortured survivors ever regained our own lines.

Soon after this disaster we also lost Currurenda and Samay Huate, and were obliged to fall back all along the front until we held only the key town of Villa Montes and the range of mountains that bounds that end of the Chaco from north to south.

The defence of Villa Montes saw the hardest fighting of the war. We had forty thousand troops entrenched round this stronghold from the Pilcomayo River to the mountains, and against these the Paraguayans launched attack after attack. The country was rather more open in this area and that was heartening to our own troops, most of whom came from the higher lands and did not understand the Chaco like the "Pilas" did.

The last fortnight of November, 1934, is a nightmare period in my memory. On the seventeenth Currurenda was surging with troops hurried out of the line and falling back.

Trucks and lorries and stores and guns kept coming back from the front and blocked all roads. Even in the aerodrome the roar of artillery was an almost constant background of familiar sound.

But we did not let that interfere with the General's birthday party! Peneranda was in high disfavour back in La Paz, but fifty officers drank his health that night and many of them were sleeping it off next morning while the Pilas kept on hammering at the line. We didn't mind "holding up the bally war" for the Commander-in-Chief.

Ballivan, which looks across the Pilcomayo into the Argentine, fell next day, and just beyond it Canada Strongest, a township named enthusiastically after one of Bolivia's crack football teams, was upon the point of evacuation.

Our Junkers took off in the afternoon to bomb the roads just east of the town. Suarez was again the co-pilot of my own machine. I dropped two bombs right on a cross-road junction, and "Bill Trant," my best friend in that "outfit," came alongside in his Hawk and signalled a road some twelve miles due east.

We followed his lead and I dropped the rest of my hundred-pounders all along the road. It was good shooting, though I say it myself.

"Bill" came alongside again and shook his hands above his head delightedly in the true boxing manner. When we got back to the 'drome he told us that from lower down he had spotted at least 500 Paraguayan "dog-kennel" tents on each side of the road. My bombs fell right among them. I wondered, wearily, how many "notches" I had scored for that effort.

But we couldn't hold the "Pilas" back. They were at least as good "cannon fodder" as anything the Great War produced. Their storm troops were magnificent and the casualties were fearfully heavy on both sides.

Every day, morning and afternoon, we went out loaded with bombs and came back light. Often I flew in pyjamas because of the intense heat.

The enemy took Canada Strongest on the twenty-fifth, and that day we received orders to evacuate Currurenda.

"These blasted Pilas," I grumbled to Suarez, "are chasing us right out of the Chaco."

"We're lucky to be in the hunt at all," he snapped. "Remember the Junker we lost three months ago? . . . They found her yesterday with what was left of the crew still inside her.

"She crashed in the forest not ten kilometres from our own front. And we were searching for her from the air for a week! The Chaco swallowed them. . . . All set, Tommy? Right; contact!"

I carried out my last raid from Currurenda on the morning of the twenty-sixth, and that same afternoon the whole

(continued on page 26)

CATARRH CURED BY NEW DOUBLE TREATMENT

Catarrh is very hard to get rid of, because the phlegm stops up the air passages and ordinary medicines cannot get at the germs. But there's a very simple double treatment that defeats the most long-seated cases. Ask your chemist for 1 oz. of Parmint, Double Strength, and mix it with half a pint of sugar or honey syrup. He will also give you some special tablets called Parmintabs. Take one of them to break the phlegm. It works instantly and clears a way through the phlegm-choked passages. Not only does your breathing become easier but the medicaments in the Parmint mixture can reach and kill the disease breeding germs. In a very little while the dullness and deafness, headaches, sore throat, running at the nose, and other distressing symptoms of catarrh disappear and soon the last trace of your affliction has gone.

Then you will realise how the insidious poison of catarrh has been lowering your vitality. From the moment you commence this Parmint treatment you will begin to feel better. This double treatment gets rid of all catarrhal infection so quickly that you ought not to suffer a day longer. 2/6

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EMILIE

YVONNE

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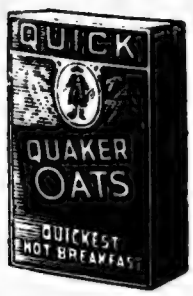

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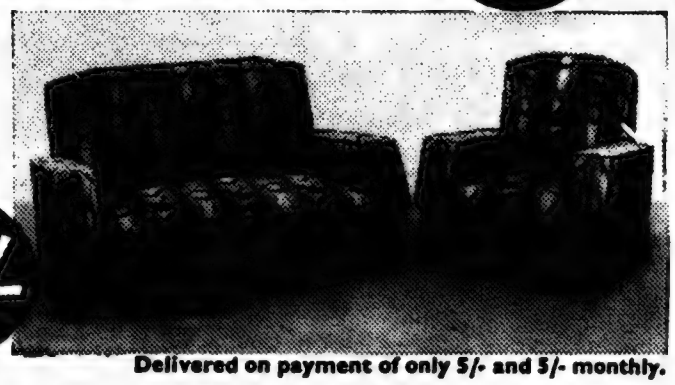

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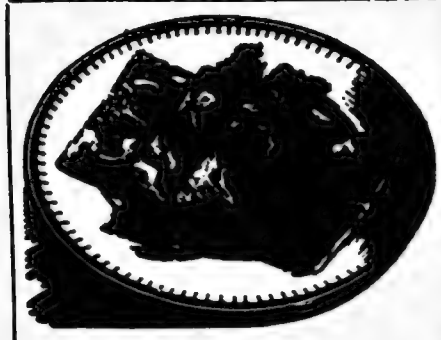

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STA-BLOND

(*Continued from page 24*)

squadron pulled out, like a small swarm of hiving bees, for Samahuate, on the way to Villa Montes.

I co-piloted one of our Junkers that trip and we landed just in front of Captain Merida, who turned his Osprey over and "wrote it off" for a total loss. He was unhurt.

Colonel Jordan, our chief, was bleaker and curter than I had ever known him.

"Eat quickly, Teniente," he said. "Pack your kit, if you've any left, and grab a place on that lorry. It's leaving in half an hour."

"Si, mi Coronel!"

I saluted and turned on my heel. It was a hundred miles to Villa Montes over a road inches deep in choking dust which hid the diabolical pot-holes. Colonel Jordan must have read the disgust — even consternation, perhaps—in my face.

He laughed and called after me: "Fortune of war, Tomasito! I'm going back with the Junkers—all bung full of H.Q. staff. That's why you're being 'taken for a ride'!"

It was a ride: I shall never forget it. I reached Villa Montes bruised all over and grimed with dirt. It took us eight mortal hours and the road was an endless caterpillar of stinking, sweating retreat.

When things go wrong at the front you may be certain that the politicians will begin to denounce the generals, while the High Command in the field snorts its contempt of an incompetent Government.

Things were going blackly wrong with us, and when I reached Villa Montes at last the rumour was current that the President had decided to "sack" General Peneranda, holding him responsible for all our recent reverses.

"Let him sack the lot; what the hell do I care!"

It was my own voice that croaked the words, but I shouldn't have recognised it. "Bill Trant" jerked a bony knee into my back and told me to "shut up."

"Jordan's backing Peneranda," he whispered. "So are the other section chiefs. Colonel Toro as well. It's going to be fun. They say Salamanca's coming out here himself, shoving his presidential head into the lion's mouth. But *I* don't think it's a tame lion. Meanwhile, take it easy, Tommy, till the gong goes."

I didn't believe that Salamanca would be such a fool, but the President and his staff duly arrived in our big tri-motored Junker and immediately piled into cars and were driven over to General Headquarters in the town.

There was big trouble brewing and we all knew it. Jordan went over to G.H.Q. and came back with a face so completely expressionless that we knew he must be worried. Colonel Toro was waiting for him on the 'drome, the same square-jawed, imperturbable, sleek bull of a fellow as ever, although he must have been in the thick of the fighting.

They walked up and down together for some minutes and then Jordan turned to "Bill Trant" and me and said: "Bring the other fellows along to the mess; we've got something to say to you."

But it was Toro who did the actual talking.

"The gentlemen in La Paz," he began in a sort of muted bellow, "are pleased to be dissatisfied with us. They send the Army nothing to fight with and they are annoyed because we are getting killed so fast. So they think of relieving General Peneranda of his command.

"Now we—your chief, Colonel Jordan, and I, and all the other section chiefs—happen to believe in the General. In any case it would be madness to make any change just now with the morale of the troops almost cracking under the retreat.

"There would be at least a risk of mutiny. We believe that you gentlemen may agree with us that it would be better to avoid this?"

Now flying men, taking them by and large, are a clannish crowd ready to stand by their own chiefs to the last and inclined to sniff at any interference.

We looked at Colonel Jordan to see what he thought about Toro and Peneranda and the President. He said nothing whatever, but gave us a reassuring nod of the head.

It is not to be assumed, of course, that men who are planning a *coup d'etat* usually take junior officers into their confidence. On the contrary, a subaltern usually matters little more than a plain "Tommy," and certainly less than a sergeant-major.

But in Villa Montes, with the General Staff and the Government at loggerheads and the whole front in danger of crumpling up completely, it did matter a lot to the conspirators to feel sure that they had the Air Force on their side. And our crowd under Jordan *was* the Air Force of that war.

Toro went on to tell us bluntly that they had decided to kidnap the President until he signed his abdication. They then intended to appoint their own nominee in La Paz and leave him "to hold things down in the north" while we got on with the war.

It sounded simple enough as he spoke, but some of us did some pretty hard thinking for a few minutes. We knew that if this little "revolution" came "unstuck," it would mean an immediate firing squad for all the ringleaders, almost certainly including ourselves. Executions were very numerous in both armies and I, for one, had no wish whatever to be made an example of.

Then Jordan chipped in with a characteristically short speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am with Colonel Toro in this matter to the end."

What was good enough for Jorge Jordan was "O.K." with the boys. After all, he ordered us up into the air every day and we went willingly. More often than not he flew with us in his Hawk—strictly against orders—and one doesn't easily go back on that kind of chief.

And so we kidnapped President Salamanca, a pompous man, squarely built, rather podgy and weighty, not unlike the Spanish General Franco in outward appearance. Nothing could have been done more smoothly and with less fuss.

We buckled on our Colts and we had some of the outhouses specially prepared to receive guests. We also posted machine-gun squads all round the aerodrome just in case, when the news got out, friends of the President in the town should attempt a rescue.

The preparations were nearly complete when Salamanca returned to the aerodrome from G.H.Q. at four o'clock accompanied by seven of his Ministers and secretaries.

He had the air of one who has carried out "an unpleasant duty" with no little relish. Peneranda, I suppose, had accepted his dismissal with suitable humility.

As the presidential party neared the waiting 'plane some twenty of us appointed to the task came forward briskly, fell in on both sides of the small procession, singled out our appointed victim and invited him very politely to step aside and follow us. Our "guns" were prominent in our belts, but we did not need to draw them.

Our reluctant guests were so astounded by the sheer nerve and suddenness of this coup that they were almost left speechless. I heard Salamanca himself splutter a sort of protest—"But this is an outrage, gentlemen! This is mutiny, no less!" and I could hardly keep from laughing as I heard the suave reply—"Not mutiny, Excellency: hospitality. We cannot bear to let you go so soon!"

The Minister whom I escorted back to those quarters which we had prepared for him, turned on us as he reached the doorway, shrugged despairing shoulders and muttered the opinion that we must be mad. We bowed and locked the door upon him.

Guards were posted all through the night and continuously during the days and nights which followed. I took my turn with my comrades, sometimes in front of the President's own room.

Meanwhile, each in turn, or sometimes all three of them together, Jordan, Toro and Peneranda, went in and out trying to persuade His Excellency to follow their advice! How urgent that persuasion became before it succeeded, I do not know.

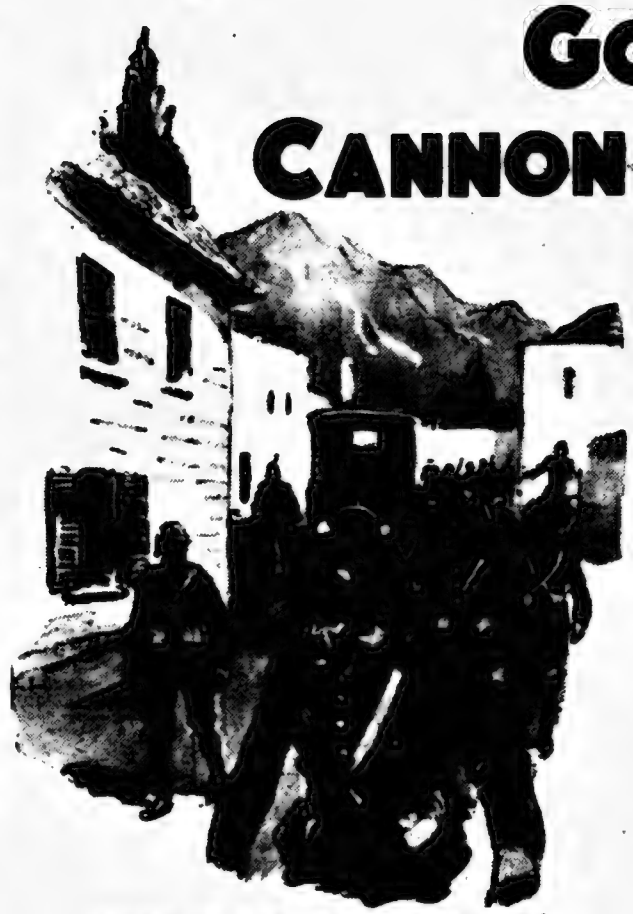
But I remember that Colonel Jordan took me on one side immediately after Salamanca and his followers were safely lodged.

"We are playing with dynamite, Tomasito," said he, "and you have less stake in this game than the rest of us. Perhaps the less you have to do with it, the better it may be for you.

"I shall order you to keep guard with

(*continued on page 28*)

GOOD CANNON FODDER!



Carrarenda was surging with troops hurried out of the line and falling back

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Supt. Hambrook making enquiries during one of his cases

the others, but remember that it is—an *order*. Do not speak to Salamanca or say anything while you are near him that could possibly incriminate you in any way. Look stupid if questions are addressed to you—you Englishmen have a special talent for that!"

His advice sounded like good sense to me. I carried on with the job and avoided discussion with anybody, except my friend Belletran. "Bill," I fancy, was rather in favour of "bumping Salamanca off" there and then and "making a job of it."

His argument was that if an ordinary "Tommy" with shaken nerve made a good example for the rest of the troops when he was put in front of a firing squad, then, surely, a President similarly dealt with for dereliction of duty ought to provide such a fine example as would put new zip into the entire army? I was inclined to agree with him, but, in fact, persuasion was probably the better diplomacy.

Salamanca held out for three days. Then he duly signed his own abdication. After that some of our fellows flew him and his party away from Villa Montes to a more convenient retreat, where they held him prisoner until the election had taken place in La Paz and Tejado Sorzano, the army's nominee, was safely installed as the new President.

Salamanca was then exiled and he died a few months later in Buenos Aires—some said from a broken heart.

The whole of this episode—surely unimaginable except under some South American flag?—provided nothing more than a comic interlude for us.

There was no important change in the daily routine. The line in front of Villa Montes gradually became more stable and the "Pilas" seemed to be easing up to get their second wind.

Eagerly awaited guns and 'planes, munitions and material of all sorts, were always on their way, but they never reached the front. It seemed to me that the League of Nations embargo was beginning to take effect and I hoped the Paraguayans were feeling the pinch still more than ourselves.

I was dead keen to get a change of duty and I hoped Jordan would let me try out a Vickers Scout, then being repaired in our hangars. When I wasn't flying I frequently gave our mechanics a hand with the job.

It was frightening to see what chances they took with our buses when they overhauled them. This poor old Scout, by the time they had finished with her, must have become at least 5 per cent. Osprey, 10 per cent. Vespa and, say, 20 per cent. "What's-that-in-the-corner-of-the-hangar?"

During this brief lull in the enemy offensive three letters from mother reached me by the same mail. The dear

THREE-YEAR SLAUGHTER ENDS

(Continued from page 26)

old lady seemed to be worrying her heart out about me. I wrote to her often, but letters are small comfort to a woman with an only son at the front.

I didn't write to the other woman I loved. I wished we had some more bombing to do. Captain Roga at least had his photographs fresh in with every mail!

The days slid by and the weeks ran into months, and we were still fighting with our backs against the mountains and all that was worth while in the Chaco already in the hands of Paraguay. And yet we had the mastery of the air.

I never took any leave and ultimately I lost track of time itself. One big break occurred when I was ordered to fly as gunner with a Captain Rojas to Santa Cruz and then to Puerto Suarez on the Brazilian border and back to Santa Cruz again.

We did 2,000 kilometres—say 1,250 miles—in the one day, and I believe that flip was, and remained, a record for the war.

Posted to our squadron was a new pilot—Colonel Aliaga — running the Junkers 103 instead of little Solares.

He was technically a better pilot, but quite as "mad" as young Rocca, and, considering his rank and mine, I couldn't even threaten to punch his nose. I liked him immensely, but I felt certain he would "write me off" with the Junkers before we had done half a dozen raids.

It was in the last days of May, 1935, that this doom was lifted from me in one crash. We left Villa Montes in Junkers 103, the old bus that had become almost a friend to me, and made Santa Cruz safely, to carry out from there a series of long-distance raids.

On the morning of the 25th we took off with a full load of gas to fly across the Chaco to Puerto Suarez. Captain Paravicini took off first, down wind, in another Junkers, but the breeze was light and he made it safely. The wind strengthened just as we followed. Down and down the 'drome we drove, failing to rise.

Just near the end, Aliaga yanked her off the ground. We staggered off with just enough flying speed to keep us from stalling but not enough to let us climb.

We made the boundary and then I saw some tall trees ahead. Aliaga tried to bank round them, but a wing-tip caught and we spun in a mad circle and then nosed into the ground with full throttle. I remember seeing smoke sizzling from the hot motor, and I fought clear of the wreckage and "passed out."

The machine was a complete "write off." Aliaga and the mechanic both came out of that smash alive, for there was, strangely, no fire. But the Colonel went stumbling across the 'drome with a knee all cut to pieces and his face streaming with blood. The wounds turned septic and he was dead two or three days later. I got off with shock, one or two small cuts and a graze on my nose. That is part of the queer luck of flying.

I had hardly got back to Villa Montes before the armistice was signed. In mid-June, 1935, a commission of Argentinos, Chileans and Peruvians flew into Villa Montes in two Argentine Junkers and a Paraguayan ambulance 'plane.

There were four "Pila" pilots on board, and, while the "big chiefs" did their fateful talking, we took those lads to our bosom in the mess and swapped astonishing yarns and drained our "canteen" dry.

That was the end of three years of murderous and wasted slaughter. Bolivia treated me generously, met my back pay in full and gave me a bonus of a hundred pounds, English, together with sundry ribbons.

Just at the time I collected my "pay" I had a letter from home informing me that the girl I left behind me had married another man. I tried to forget her in La Paz for some months, and now I am back in London again, holding down the same old kind of business job.

It may not be very exciting, but I don't want to do any war flying in *this* quiet and happy land.

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Post this coupon in ½d. unsealed envelope

To: **JOHN WHITE (I.B.) LTD.**
RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.
Without obligating me in any way, please send me details of:—
(1) FREE £100 "Impregnable" Competition.
(2) Illustrated Lists of "Impregnable" SHOES for Men.
(3) Illustrated Lists of "Impregnable" BOOTS for Men.
(4) Illustrated Lists of "Impregnable" for YOUTHS.
(5) Address of Local Shoe-Shop selling "Impregnable."
(Kindly delete any item not required.)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

I.B.

When you wake with "MORNING MOUTH" there's something wrong!

A foul-tasting mouth when you wake in the morning means that your system contains poisonous decayed food waste matter which has no right to be there! "Morning Mouth"—along with bad breath and coated tongue—is a sure sign of stomach disorder or constipation. Your whole body is being *poisoned*, causing not only bad skin, headaches, loss of vitality and depression—but eventually serious illness and disease. Let Feen-a-mint cleanse your system and banish stomach troubles and constipation. Let Feen-a-mint give you a clear complexion, bright eyes and "sweet" breath. Feen-a-mint works naturally and easily, and its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. Fifteen million people all over the world *depend* on Feen-a-mint. Sold in 1/3 packets by chemists and stores everywhere.

INTERNAL TROUBLES

Mrs. HOPTON,
277, Abbey Street Derby,
writes: "Seventeen months ago I was very ill, vomiting for 3 weeks and never stopped. I got no sleep for terrible pains. I was in Hospital a fortnight. They X-rayed me and found I had Gall Stones. My husband got me Vitadatio, and I found I was getting stronger and the pain easier, and now I feel a new woman."

Vitadatio

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood Purifier—invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd., and most Chemists and Stores. 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra U.K.). Special 21/- bottles for export only (3 weeks' supply) post free from

VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

IT'S GRAND FOR THE SKIN

"Our Gracie" making-up with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream.

says

Gracie Fields

MISS GRACIE FIELDS, the world-famous Comedienne, writes:—"When girls ask me to recommend for their complexions, I always advise Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It's grand what a difference it makes to the skin—and it's marvellous how they have combined the Powder and Cream, and even included a mirror on the dainty jar. Just you try it!—it's real champion."

Every Jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In all popular shades everywhere.

1/-

Potter & Moore's BLUSH CREAM is the ideal cream rouge for use in combination with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. You really must try them both. Apply the cream rouge first and you will be amazed at the perfect results. The Blush Cream is sold in dainty glass containers for sixpence everywhere.

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER-CREAM

Just as Eggs go with Bacon—

bacon goes better with

HP SAUCE

...and so do cold meat, cheese and almost every kind of 'made-up' dish. It's piquant, mellow flavour not only tempts the appetite but aids the digestion as well.

9D a bottle

Picnic Size 3d.

I was a Poison-Pen FIEND

WHEN a friend was telling me the other day that "time heals all wounds," I think I rather startled him by the suddenness with which I contradicted him.

If I had had the moral courage I could have gone on to tell him that the wounds I once inflicted coldly and cruelly on harmless people were of a kind that never can heal, and, in fact, grow more and more agonising with the years.

But that would have meant revealing what has been my tormenting secret for long enough—the knowledge that five years ago, in a moment of madness, I became that most despicable of all things, a poison-pen fiend.

I first resorted to this most cowardly and underhand form of savagery at a time when I had been hurt, badly hurt, by a man living in the same town as myself.

For weeks I writhed under the sting of that hurt, perhaps exaggerating it in unhealthy fashion, planning wild schemes of revenge.

All kinds of schemes filtered through my mind, all to be dismissed because the man I planned to injure was difficult to reach. My problem was that he was a comparatively wealthy man, widely respected, with a host of friends, and I a distributive worker, earning a small weekly wage and knowing nobody outside my own small circle of friends and workmates.

My chance

One day, however, a scheme which I saw at once was foolproof came into my mind. I knew that my enemy—whom I will call "A"—had certain weaknesses which he hid from his family and friends, weaknesses which by no stretch of the imagination could be called vices.

That was my chance. I decided to let his family and friends into those little secrets, exaggerating them subtly so they would look worse than they were without giving a lying tinge to my accusations. And I would give them this insight through the medium of anonymous letters.

It was with considerable care and attention to detail that I planned my campaign.

First, I bought a quantity of writing-paper, the kind sold by practically all stationers. Nevertheless I took the precaution of going twenty miles away to get it. Next I bought the commonest kind of envelope in another town, and finally two dozen pen-nibs of a kind enjoying a wide sale.

Risk eliminated

It was clear to me I would have to guard carefully against one great risk. It was known to a number of people that "A" and I were bitter enemies, and if my campaign were to be directed solely and specifically against him, I would naturally come under suspicion.

To guard against this I decided to send poisonous anonymous missives to a large number of other people, including my own friends. I even decided to send some to myself, exposing actual incidents in my life that were discreditable to me.

Before sending out my first batch of letters I spent nearly two weeks perfecting a faked but very distinctive handwriting.

Then I spent nearly a month writing a dozen letters to all the people marked down to receive them. These I secreted away so that I could send them out every three or four days to the people for whom they were intended.

By this means I eliminated the risk of actually writing letters during my campaign. All I had to do was to post the missives as the opportunities arose.

To-day, when I think of those letters, I feel physically and mentally sick. In them I ascribed all kinds of vices and excesses and described *liaisons* which came entirely from my imagination.

For three weeks my campaign of vilification went on without the slightest hitch. Police enquiries were made, and I showed the letters I myself had received, while neighbours were able to show letters in which I was foully attacked.

The poison-pen "outbreak" got into the newspapers. Extracts from some of the letters were published, and the usual scathing editorial comments were made.

From discreet enquiries I learned that "A," although perturbed, had not been badly hit, so I began to plan an even more vicious series for the consumption of his family and friends.

Then something occurred that pulled me up with a jerk. A neighbour, a married man who was a great friend of mine, made a determined effort to gas himself.

He was discovered just in time with his head in the oven in the kitchen of his home.

This incident was to have a tremendous effect on me. He was charged with attempting to commit suicide, and some—to me—unexpected revelations were made.

It was revealed that although he was not guilty of the *liaison* I had ascribed to him in the anonymous letters he had received from me, he had been meeting in secret and having an affair with a single woman, unknown to his wife.

Apparently he had allowed the worry of this to prey on his mind, and then, when the anonymous letters were received, fearing that the whole story would come out, he lost his head and tried to take his life.

There was a tragic sequel to this. My friend's wife divorced him, and he is to-day living a lonely life away from the three children whom he adored.

I have tried to convince myself that his love affair would have become known to his wife in any case, and that divorce would have followed just the same. But the fact is that his intrigue with the other woman had palled, and if my letters had never been sent he might have been living happily with his wife and family to-day.

Without question I am responsible for his broken home and his present miserable existence. I know, too, that I have set the seeds of disruption in other homes as well.

These are the wounds which, as I have said already, grow worse with the years instead of being healed by time, as the old platitude says.

Anyhow, the suicide attempt of my friend pulled me up — let air into the pest-house of my mind. I realised that I was acting like a fiend from hell.

Cannot forget

With all possible haste I destroyed my stock of prepared letters and wrote another series to the same people, pretending, in the light and jocular style I adopted, that the allegations I had made were in the nature of a practical joke and were not true.

But I hadn't the courage to claim authorship. I merely wrote anonymously again.

Can you wonder that to-day, with many families suffering cruelly as a result of my fiendish conduct, I am living in a little hell of my own making?

I have moved to a town a hundred miles away, where I have been fairly successful financially, and am respected as a decent, clean-living member of the community. Also, I take a keen and practical interest in social and religious work.

Superficially, I am a very happy man, as I try to make up a bit for the dreadful deeds that I can never undo.

But actually my mind is never at rest. I lay awake at nights thinking, for ever thinking, of what I did to innocent, harmless people. Nothing I can ever do in the way of kindness can be an antidote to the poison that once dripped from my pen.

The knowledge of that is my punishment, a hard, bitter punishment. I know I deserve it: and I must bear it.

"When I think of those letters I feel physically and mentally sick"

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul. Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden. We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous."

RHEUMATISM

A 'mystery' remedy

It is an old saying that "you can't keep a good man down." You might say the same about a good cure for rheumatism, as many rheumatic sufferers have good reason to know.

How it came about is a mystery. Until recently Fynnon Salt had hardly been heard of. Then, quite suddenly, sufferers began talking about it. Doctors wrote praising it. In every case where it was tried, Fynnon Salt produced the most astonishing results. Rheumatism rapidly disappeared—in some cases where nothing in the world had ever done any good at all.

The reputation of Fynnon Salt spread like wildfire. Chemists couldn't make it out. Here was a little-known salt "selling like hot cakes" through sheer, personal recommendation from one rheumatic sufferer to another. Although it is better known now, you are lucky if you get a tin when you want one because the demand is so great. If you suffer from rheumatism, try to get a 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt. It really is the most remarkable remedy for rheumatism.

Is *Constipation* robbing *you* of HAPPINESS

HAVEN'T you had days when you said, "I feel on top of the world to-day"? *That's* how you should feel every day. And you would—if constipation did not rob you of your birthright of health.
Pills and drugs won't cure you. What you need is your daily ration of "bulk" to cleanse your intestines. Just eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day and you'll never be troubled with common constipation. In chronic cases, eat it with each meal.

Besides supplying the necessary "bulk" ALL-BRAN also contains Vitamin B and iron to tone the system and enrich the blood. Serve ALL-BRAN with cold milk or cream—a delicious cereal food. You'll like it. Sold by all grocers.

7½D Per Packet

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

107

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 39.

WOMEN GET THREE KINDS OF TIREDNESS THAT NEED A TONIC

Don't take superficial "tonics" that lift you up for a few short hours only. Read how to regain youthful vitality quickly, and lengthen your life.

TIREDNESS takes women in three different ways. Which of these three kinds of tiredness do *you* get?

1. ***The HEAVY, ACHING TIREDNESS***
It makes the slightest effort an agony. You feel as if you had a heavy weight on your head. You have to pull yourself upstairs by the banisters.

2. ***The JUMPY, NERVY TIREDNESS***
It keeps you on edge. You worry and fidget, you're afraid of crossing the street or riding in buses or trams. You sleep badly, and keep on forgetting things.

3. ***The LOW, DEPRESSED TIREDNESS***
It takes away all your self-confidence and vitality. Life seems too much of a struggle. You become dull and awkward in company, and feel lonely and neglected. You think you're growing old, and you *feel* old.

These three kinds of tiredness seem quite different, but the *cause* is always the same. Your blood and nerve-cells have become weak through overwork or illness. That's why you feel run-down.
It's no use taking superficial 'tonics' that lift you up for a short time only. They can't get at the *cause* of the trouble.

Get at the Cause

There's one tonic that's specially prepared, from a doctor's prescription, to build up your blood and nerve-cells. That one tonic is Hall's Wine.

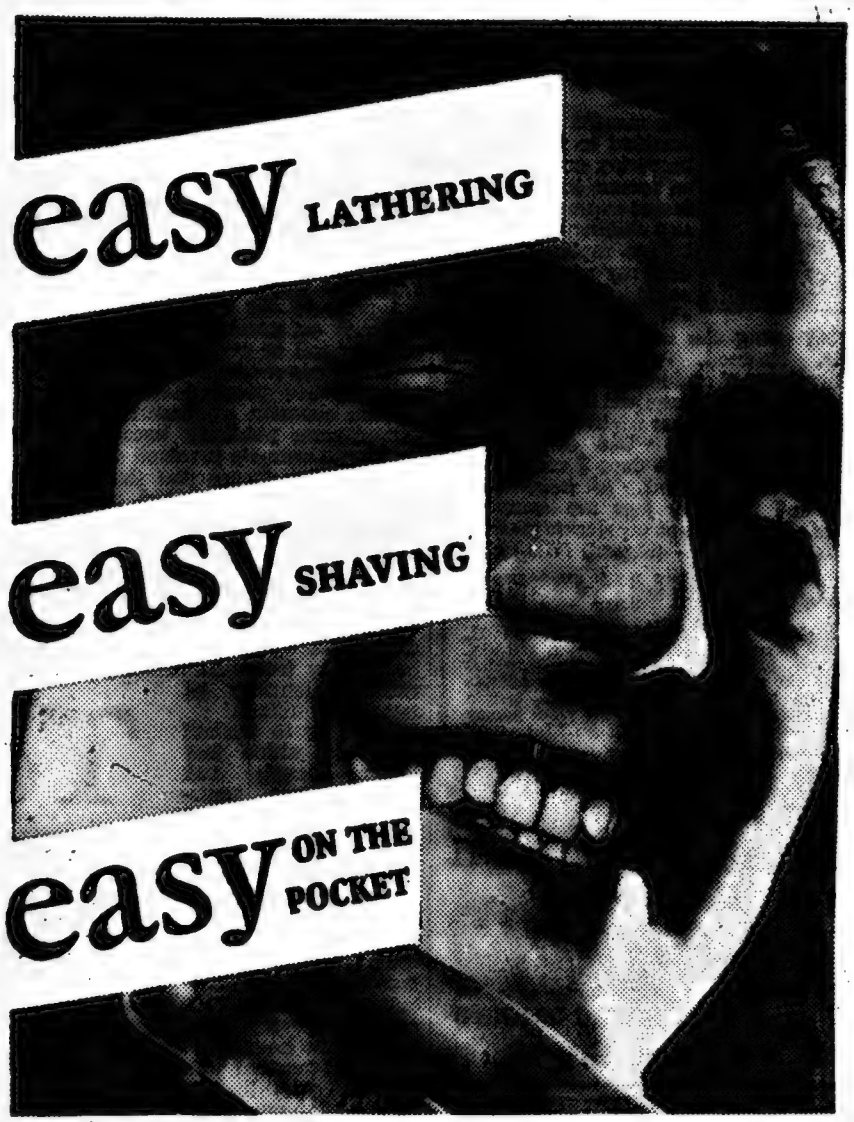
Scientific tests prove that Hall's Wine actually pours new strength into your blood within thirty seconds. And the good effect is *lasting*—your blood and nerve-cells are *permanently* strengthened.

What hundreds of nurses do

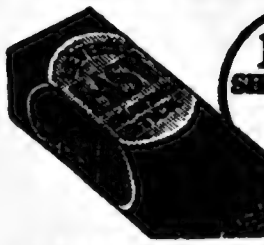
Nurses rely on Hall's Wine. Many letters (open to inspection) tell how effective they find it when tired or run-down.

Do what these nurses do. Take Hall's Wine two or three times a day. In a few days you'll be an entirely new person. 'Nerves' and tiredness will completely disappear. Start on Hall's Wine today!

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle, 5/6, smaller size, 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.



With an Easy Shaving Stick you can get as keen and comfortable a shave every day as with a shaving soap costing more than twice as much. Sixpence is all Lever's Easy costs. But for those six coppers you get a hundred perfect shaves. See that the next grocery list includes an Easy Shaving Stick.



100 SHAVES FOR 6d

LEVER'S Easy SHAVING STICK

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

E 249-172-35

AMAZING NEW 1937 RADIO — BIGGEST VALUES IN CYCLES — ELECTRICAL GOODS — SCARLATTI PIANO ACCORDIONS

SEE them at Currys

MARVELLOUS CASH SAVINGS — OR FIX YOUR OWN TERMS

SEE all the new 1937 Radio "Wonder Sets" at your nearest Currys. Then HEAR those you like best in "Side-By-Side" tests in your home, without obligation. Service and Saving go hand-in-hand at Currys. See also the marvellous values in Cycles and Accessories, Electrical Goods, Scarlatti Piano Accordions, Clocks and Watches. Currys' famous Personal Purchase Plan—most generous in Britain—enables you to fix your own easy terms!

"CLUB TOGETHER"

Heard about Currys' celebrated Club Catalogue? It has everything in Clothing, for the Home, Sports, Toys, etc. Send for it. It's Free by post!

FREE!

1. Send Catalogue Radio, . . . Cycles, Electric, . . . Piano Accordions.
2. Send Club Catalogue—the Money Maker (tick items you want).

POST TO CURRYS, Ltd., Great West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex.

Name .....
(Send in ½d. stamped tucked-in envelope).

Address .....

J.B. 19/9/36 .....

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST RADIO AND CYCLE RETAILERS

ECZEMA

Brixton, S.W.8
Dear Sirs, 18th April, 1936
Six months ago I was horrified to find my legs becoming covered with an eczema-like rash. At first it was a patch as big as a shilling on my right leg but rapidly it spread until my whole leg from ankle to knee was covered. Then the other leg started going the same. I tried everything. No good. Pain and irritation was maddening. I could hardly walk—could not wear silk stockings and had to have my legs bound up. I was frightened.
Then a friend said "Use *Germolene*." I did and within two days I could see an amazing improvement. All inflammation went and now my legs are completely healed. Please accept my sincere gratitude. Yours sincerely, —(Signed) (Mrs.) M. H.

ACCEPT THIS OFFER

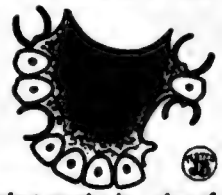
PROVE NOW, AT OUR INVITATION, the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 Tin. Use it ALL! If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., within one month of purchase and your money will be REFUNDED IN FULL!

ECZEMA, BAD LEG, PSORIASIS, ACNE, PIMPLES, BOILS, CUTS, RASH, SORES, WOUNDS, BURNS, BRUISES, INJURIES.

Healed by
Germolene
6D *Brand* ASEPTIC OINTMENT
1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin. Tubes 4/6

For PILES Use GERMOLOIDS
Brand 1/3 *per box.*

CLEAN YOUR FALSE TEETH BETTER *Without Brushing*



Just shake a little Steradent powder in a glass of water. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach. Steradent cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, sticky film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable. Steradent is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. "I have been 38 years at dentistry and find that Steradent is the best thing I have used up to now," writes a prominent dentist. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. Sold by all chemists.

For TRIAL SUPPLY: Send 1½d. in stamps, to: Steradent, Ltd., (Dpt.34.V), Chitty St., London, W.1
WARNING! *Beware of imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your plates beyond repair. The Dental Profession recommends Steradent as the finest preparation ever produced for harmlessly cleaning and purifying dentures. Take no risks—insist upon Steradent.*

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms: 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers. Club Models

5/2 now

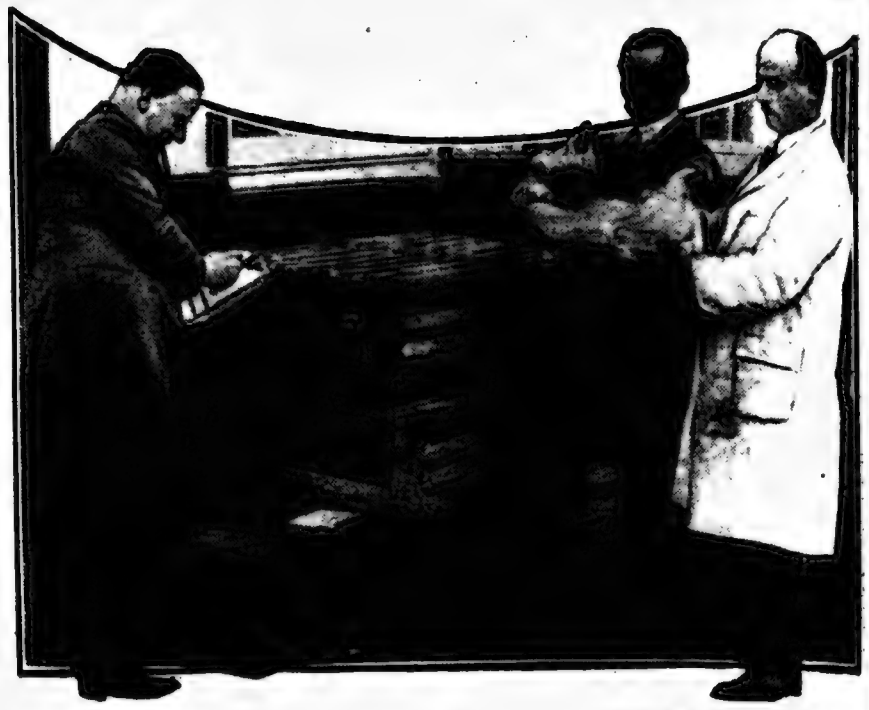
J. G. GRAVES Ltd, SHEFFIELD

RHEUMATISM
NEEDLESS SUFFERING.

"Urace brand tablets have been taken consistently by a person suffering from Arthritis and very beneficial results have been obtained when other treatment had failed to give relief."—Nurse ——, Goodmayes, Essex. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

Torture of the Helpless

by Sir Robert Gower
(Chairman of the Council of the R.S.P.C.A.)



Only if animals are prepared for transport as carefully as is shown here can they make the journey without risk of injury or other ill-effect

WE pride ourselves on being a civilised nation living in an enlightened age. But if the general public could be made to realise how much cruelty to animals still goes on in our midst, there would rise up a wave of indignation which would sweep the country.

There is the deliberate cruelty to animals with which we are all unfortunately familiar.

But there is another kind that arises from ignorance or thoughtlessness, the extent of which is never guessed.

I refer to the unnecessary sufferings inflicted on animals during transit by road or rail or boat.

There was a case recently that should have opened people's eyes to what is all too common an occurrence. It obtained some publicity because the unfortunate animals involved died.

But I can assure you that hundreds of cases, not quite as bad, perhaps, but still too bad, never come to light, for the simple reason that although the victims suffer terribly they manage just to survive.

The case I refer to concerned a man who sent two Alsatian puppies, only five or six weeks old, which had never been away from the mother, on a long railway journey of nearly 180 miles.

They were packed in a box which was large enough and was properly ventilated, and were given a bed of wood shavings. But they were given not a drop of water nor food of any kind, and when they arrived at their destination one was already dead and the other was past all help.

The railway porter on the little village station took the still living puppy out of the box, gave it some brandy and made every effort to revive it. But in half an hour it, too, was dead.

A post-mortem examination revealed that the poor little creatures had had no food for over twenty hours, and had become so ravenous that they had eaten some of the wood shavings in the box. They were emaciated before they began the journey and were covered in vermin.

These puppies should never have been sent away without the mother. They were too young, and needed to be fed at least four times during the hours they were on the journey.

The culprit in this case was a man used to dealing in dogs, and therefore should have known better. The magistrates took a serious view, fined him £3 with £8 1s. 6d. costs, and debarred him from holding a dog licence for five years.

Heartbreaking

I cannot find words in which to express my indignation at such callousness. And I think all those who are capable of it deserve the most severe punishment.

But sometimes quite well-intentioned people, who are kind enough to animals at home, inflict cruelty when sending them on a journey.

It may be due to sheer thoughtlessness or lack of imagination. It may be due to ignorance. And sometimes it is due to parsimony.

But, whatever the cause, there is nothing more heartbreaking than to look through the files at our head office and see photographs of these poor dumb creatures which have been tortured to such an extent that the only merciful thing to do is to put them out of their pain.

These pictures tell tales of horror impossible to describe.

One of the worst cases the Society has ever dealt with concerned a monkey which was being sent to a new owner. It was put into a box and was chained to the side.

When it arrived the chain had become buried in the flesh of the poor thing's groin—so deeply that some of the links were buried out of sight. The monkey was so ill that it was only semi-conscious and, of course, had to be humanely destroyed.

Strange as it may seem, women are frequently guilty of this form of barbarism.

It is a curious thing, too, that many who would never dream of being unkind to a dog or a cat seem to forget entirely that fowls are living creatures capable of suffering pain.

We have, in fact, more prosecutions over cruelty in the conveyance of poultry than with the transport of any other class of livestock.

In one case, eleven fowls were put into an ordinary cigarette packing case, 33 in. long, 16 in. deep, and 19 in. wide, which was tied up with string. The only ventilation was two holes. Of the eleven birds, only one came out alive, and that one was in a collapsed condition. The others had died of suffocation, and their bodies were hot and steaming.

Another taken at random concerns a calf. It was put into a sack and thrown on to the floor of the upper deck of a lorry. When one of our inspectors saw it there were twenty-eight sheep crowded together on the same deck, and they were standing on the calf. It was only about ten days old and had a swollen and inflamed foreleg. The vet. ordered it to be destroyed.

Offenders in this respect are not confined to one particular class. But where larger animals are concerned farmers and dealers are the principal ones. The regulations concerning this type of livestock are laid down very explicitly and the chief offence is overcrowding.

It still goes on

When such animals as cattle and sheep are sent by rail the person sending them pays so much per truck. Therefore it is to his interest to crowd on as many as he can. When they are sent by motor lorry the charge is so much per head, and then it is the contracting company which is tempted to do the overcrowding. But in both cases the poor unfortunate animals suffer equally.

There is also a good deal of suffering caused among cattle and the cheaper grades of horses when being carried by water. There are stringent regulations governing such conveyance. But, alas! it still goes on.

To those JOHN BULL readers who may err through ignorance and would not wish to do so, let me give a word or two of guidance.

It you want to pack a small animal in a box allow ample room for it to stand up or lie down fully extended and to turn round comfortably.

That is a common-sense guide, and a very safe one.

As regards ventilation, there are no hard and fast rules. You should take care that plenty of fresh air can get in and at the same time be careful to avoid the possibility of draughts. A draught blowing for long hours on an animal which cannot exercise itself may make it very ill.

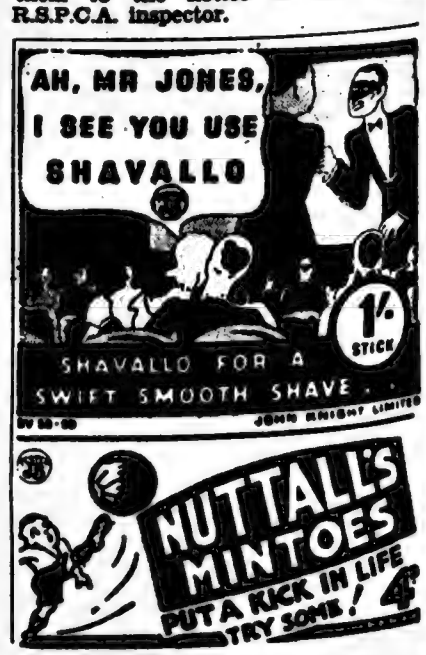
How to stop it

And do please remember that if you have to send one on a long journey by train the railway company will always arrange to feed it and water it at regular intervals if you give instructions to do so.

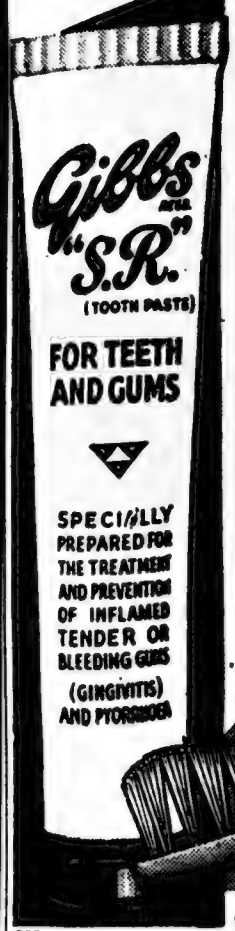
We in the R.S.P.C.A. do our best to save these animals from suffering. But every one of you who reads this article could help us to stamp it out.

How?

By keeping your eyes open and using your influence to teach those who are less thoughtful how to treat animals kindly. And in all bad cases by bringing them to the notice of the nearest R.S.P.C.A. inspector.


AH, MR JONES, I SEE YOU USE SHAVALLO
1/- STICK
SHAVALLO FOR A SWIFT SMOOTH SHAVE
JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED
NUTTALL'S MINTOES
PUT A KICK IN LIFE
TRY SOME! 4D

Rx Tube of 'S.R.' Tooth Paste for Teeth & Gums
Gibbs Pyramid Toothbrush
-use as directed.


Gibbs
"S.R."
(TOOTH PASTE)
FOR TEETH AND GUMS
SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF INFLAMED TENDER OR BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND PYORRHOEA

Prescription for Firm Healthy Gums & Clean, Sparkling Teeth

Spongy bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhœa and the cause of much ill health and early loss of teeth. Don't run the risk! Start to use Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste to-day.

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste contains the specific used and recognised by Dentists as invaluable in the successful treatment of Gingivitis, Pyorrhœa and kindred diseases of the gums. This special ingredient, so effective in destroying mouth poisons, also removes stubborn stains on teeth without damage to enamel.

Dentists and patients alike are enthusiastic. After one week's use of Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste the improvement is amazing—gums firmer, healthier; teeth surprisingly white.

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste 1/3 per large tube.

GIBBS PYRAMID TOOTH BRUSH

is a brush specifically made to clean every tooth surface easily and surely..
Its bristles and handle are so constructed and arranged as to brush firmly and massage the gums effectively without being harsh.

Rinses clean and dries quickly. Price 1/6

GET THESE TWO REMARKABLE GIBBS PRODUCTS TODAY.

GRB:8

Mid-day Saturday

You're free for the week-end . . . a good dinner, a chair in the garden and a fragrant cigar to smoke. But that real cigar fragrance needn't cost you much if you buy Wills's Whiffs.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

TO MEN & WOMEN OF ALL AGES—ESPECIALLY THOSE OVER FORTY

Dizziness, Breathlessness Heart pains, Palpitation?

You must take 'Phyllosan' tablets!

The first symptoms of High Blood Pressure are usually associated with the heart. It may beat irregularly or 'thump' after exertion. There may be a feeling of tightness or oppression in the chest. Giddiness, breathlessness, a distressing throbbing in the temples after climbing stairs or stooping are usually signs of an overworked heart.

To ignore these warnings is to run grave risk of heart failure. Blood pressure *must* be corrected, and the heart itself strengthened.

Closely observed medical tests have proved that to correct blood pressure and fortify the heart there is nothing more effective than 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets.

These tablets rapidly bring blood pressure back to normal by rejuvenating the arteries and restoring their former resiliency. The heart is thus relieved of its burden of overwork and the heart muscle is strengthened. Distressing symptoms of heart strain disappear. At the same time, all the physical and vital forces of the body are increased, *irrespective of age!*

'Phyllosan' tablets contain no deleterious drugs, no alcohol; are non-constipating and form no harmful habit.

Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. So simple! But if you take the tablets *regularly* the results will astonish you.

'Phyllosan' tablets are the brand tablets sold by Natural Chemicals Ltd., and are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne.

"A very bad Heart Attack"

"I was laid up for several weeks after a very bad heart attack and saw 'Phyllosan' tablets advertised. I bought a bottle at once, and felt such benefit that I decided to take a course. After doing so I felt a different person, and have had no recurrence of heart trouble. I am never without a bottle in the house as I have proved them a good pick-me-up as well. I am now in the best of health thanks to 'Phyllosan' tablets." (Mr.)——

Throbbing Gone

"I have been taking 'Phyllosan' tablets for some time and am a different woman. I have lost the discomfort I used to suffer when I went up hills or stairs. The distressing puffing and throbbing is now a thing of the past." (Mrs.)——

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN'

BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL

TABLETS TO-DAY!

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, and increase all your Physical and Vital Forces

Of all chemists, 3/-, 5/-, and Family size, 20/-
The 5/- size contains double and the 20/- size nearly ten times the quantity of the 3/- size

Proprietary rights are not claimed in this preparation apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan,' which is the property and denotes the products of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

She married her boss
...AND HERE'S THE LETTER, MR. KHAN.
HE THINKS: PITY HER HANDS ARE SO RED AND ROUGH—SHE'S RATHER LOVELY OTHERWISE.
NOW, HELEN, YOU WORK IN A BEAUTY PARLOUR—SURELY YOU KNOW SOME WAY OF MAKING MY HANDS SOFT AND WHITE!
JUST SMOOTH ON A LITTLE VASELINE JELLY LAST THING AT NIGHT, DEAR.
LATER
DARLING, THESE SOFT HANDS WON'T HAVE TO DO ANY MORE WORK!

After marriage, don't let kissable hands turn into "Housework Hands"

The skin of your hands is different from the skin of your face. Hand skin needs a different kind of protection. That is why "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is the best protection — it prevents roughness and redness. It prevents soda from getting into your skin. Smooth it on last thing at night for soft, smooth hands. Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes. Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., London, N.W.10.

—Vaseline—
Petroleum Jelly

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PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles —you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take De Witt's Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS By PHILIP INMAN

Domineering FOLK

The man whose wife dominates his life and decides every action must assert himself, or else become resigned to ridicule

THOSE domineering folk—we all know them! They pester us at work, at home, even at play. There are times when they tyrannise over us to such an extent that we can't call our lives our own.

Before our marriage (writes a correspondent) my wife was all I could desire. And she still would be were it not for one unfortunate thing. She insists on managing everything for the two of us without consulting me in any way whatever.

She decides where we shall go for our holidays, what hotels we shall stay at, what I shall eat and drink, and even what I shall wear.

She even interferes in my business affairs and comes down to the office to discuss things with the boss, so that my colleagues have the impression that I can do nothing without her permission and approval.

In every other way she is a perfect wife—good housekeeper, generous and companionable, and I would not exchange her for all the money in the world.

But I feel I shall have to do something about her managing manner. When I speak to her about it she just says that she knows best and it is for my good. Please could you tell me what I ought to do about it?

This woman seems to be a real dictator. And I can understand how annoying it all must be. Particularly is this so when her actions must bring upon my correspondent the ridicule of his colleagues at work. But for this state of affairs he is largely to blame.

He has allowed his wife to "boss" him so much in the home that she feels she can do so outside as well. That is the way with all dictators. If you "give them an inch they'll take an ell."

There is only way of dealing with a trouble of this kind. This man must resolve that he will be master of his own concerns. It will need an effort and a very determined one, but it is the only hope for him. If he does not do so, he will simply become a nonentity. And this in turn will lead to him having an inferiority complex which will make his life a misery.

"Look here," he should say, "although I provide the money I do not interfere with your running of the home. You must grant the same privilege to me. You must let me have my say in things that concern me and you must not keep 'butting in' with my employer."

That wife has so many excellent qualities that I feel sure she will respond to a talk of that kind. She may even learn to respect her husband all the more for standing up for his rights.

☆ ☆ ☆

REAL parenthood has many virtues and few faults. But one of these faults is when parents will persist in regarding their children as babies, even when they have grown up. Listen to this letter:

My husband and I will be so grateful for your advice. We do want to make a wise decision and yet we cannot see which course is the right one.

My parents want us to give up our home and go and live with them. They are aging and getting frail and we feel that they might need us. My husband has had long periods of unemployment, when we have had to return to them after our savings have been absorbed.

Should this occur again it would be far from pleasant to be forced to accept their hospitality if we refuse to go now.

They want us to share the house and for me to take over the housekeeping. It would be a good, assured home and we are sure their motive is to benefit us. Our reason for hesitating is this:

My parents have always been of the "super stern" type. My life and actions were wholly subservient to them and I still quail before their authority, which is exercised as if we were still children.

Away from them we are happy and free—we have our troubles, but who has not? To go back is to kill that laughter and outlook on life which our natural tastes have led us to.

What ought we to do? There is no opening for my husband in their small town, but they are sure that they could find him work.

Now this is the first point that occurs to me. "My parents," says this correspondent, "are sure they could find my husband work."

Is that absolutely *certain*? And is it work which the husband could do and which would be congenial to him?

It is no use them going to live in that town if he is not to be sure of his employment or be happy in it.

And there is another point. The parents of this woman are of a different generation from her and her husband. "Crabbed age and youth," says Shakespeare, "cannot live together."

The only way to have peace and amity would be for them to have their own rooms to which they could always retire when they felt inclined. Is that possible in her parents' house?

Granted these two things—certainty of employment and privacy in the home—I advise my correspondent to accept.

These are my reasons. Her people have been good to her and her husband during hard times. As she herself recognises—they could hardly accept further benefits if they turn down this offer. Then her parents are "aging and frail." If anything happened to them and she had not responded to their call, she might have it on her conscience all her life.

Living with relatives is always a questionable proceeding and requires a good deal of give and take on all sides. If that can be made the basis of this arrangement there is no reason why it should not work out to the benefit of them all.

☆ ☆ ☆

WE have had examples of the domineering wife and the domineering parents—and now for the domineering employer. This correspondent writes:

I am a young man of twenty-six and am in love with a girl a year my junior. She was brought up in an orphan home and went into service ten years ago.

We are anxious to marry during our holiday this year, but her mistress, who has never ceased to remind her of her upbringing, looks upon her as a permanent possession. And she seems to think that it was a great act of charity on her part to engage her at all.

She does not know that she has a young man and my girl has suggested that when her holiday comes she should not go back again, but I think she should give her notice in the usual way.

It would mean giving a month's notice, and she says she just couldn't live through that time, as this woman would make it unbearable for her. I don't know anybody else who can solve this problem as you can.

I suppose there are two things at the back of this girl's mind. She is afraid of the harsh treatment she may receive during that month's notice. She may also feel the desire to get even with her employer for the sneers she had to endure during her ten years' service.

But even these things would not justify her in acting as she suggests. The mistress would undoubtedly sue her in the courts—and that would be decidedly unpleasant. Besides, "two wrongs never did make a right."

☆ ☆ ☆

AND there is always satisfaction in the knowledge that we have played the game.

This is what I would advise: I think my correspondent should himself go and see that mistress and tell her the position quite frankly. It may be that she will change her tactics when she knows that the girl has someone behind her and to whom she is shortly to be married.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Greatest of These

Down at Heel

JOSEPH is three years old. His father has been unfit for work for the last five years. His disability originated while serving in Palestine during the war.

"I am also suffering," he states, "from rheumatism, and as I possess only one thin suit of clothes, I am naturally dreading the winter. My wife has been very ill, which has left her in a weak state, and to obtain the nourishing food she requires I had to fall back on the rent money.

Joseph's mother was given the opportunity of going into a convalescent home, but could not avail herself of this, as she had not the necessary clothing.

Their minister, who has known Joseph's father for eight years, recommends him as a "thoroughly decent man."

Donations earmarked "Joseph," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Carbuncles and boils for 3 years—

For three years Mr.— was in a low and run-down condition. He had carbuncles and boils. Was in hospital. Given injections and medicine. Still he suffered. No wonder he was at his "wits' end" to know how to improve his health!

Fortunately he read an IRON 'JELLOIDS' advertisement which showed that the *root cause* of his continual poor health was IRON STARVATION. When he strengthened his iron-starved system with the tonic iron contained in IRON 'JELLOIDS' his health *immediately* improved.

His appetite increased, he put on weight. He slept better and completely lost that tired and worn-out feeling that had made him "fed up with life." He has had no recurrence of carbuncles or boils.

—until he took IRON 'JELLOIDS'

If *you* have any symptoms of IRON STARVATION (listed below) YOU MUST HAVE MORE IRON! Take IRON 'JELLOIDS' regularly with your meals. Enjoy the vigorous health that only IRON 'JELLOIDS' can give.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' *do not blacken the teeth* or upset the digestion. The 3/- size lasts 36 days; the 1/3 size, 10 days. Get a large box today!

His letter says:

"For three years I have been in a very RUN-DOWN CONDITION, having a succession of CARBUNCLES AND BOILS. All this time I have been in hospital and had INJECTIONS AND MEDICINE GALORE. I was AT MY WITS' END to know how to improve my health.

I thought I would try IRON 'JELLOIDS'. THE EFFECT WAS WONDERFUL. MY APPETITE HAS INCREASED, I have GAINED 5 LBS. in WEIGHT, and I SLEEP WELL. IRON 'JELLOIDS' have so improved my general condition and my blood in particular that I have had no recurrence of carbuncles or boils." (Mr.)——

Iron Jelloids

correct the Iron Starvation which causes

Weakness	Breathlessness	Poor Appetite	Paleness
Exhausted Nerves	Faintness	Weak Digestion	Sallowness
Lack of Energy	Palpitation	Constipation	Failing Hair
Tiredness	Heart Pains	Headaches	Brittle Nails
Liability to Colds	Numbness	Sore Tongue	Skin Blemishes

Of all Chemists: 3/- *(36 days' treatment)* 1/3 *(10 days' treatment)*

For MEN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A. For WOMEN: No. 2. For CHILDREN: No. 1

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

Only daughter suffered 4 years from STOMACH TROUBLE

Always ailing, from a little mite of two until her sixth year! The dice of Fate seemed loaded against the only daughter of Mrs. Surguy, of Catford. To her worried mother, the chances of her child's growth into radiant girlhood appeared ever more hopeless as the days went by. Then, like a miracle, Mrs. Surguy discovered the way to put her daughter on the road to health and happiness. Nothing could have been more simple. Nothing had ever before been so effective.

"May I extend my humble thanks for the benefit which my little daughter, aged 6 years, has derived from your wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder?

"She has suffered from bad breath, and a very poor appetite since she was 2 years old, and I have tried everything I could think of, as, of course, her general health has suffered in consequence. But since she had your powder for 2 weeks only, she seems another child.

"I give her half a teaspoonful in a little warm water before going to bed, and she gets up in the morning and eats a good breakfast, which she has not done before."

Eleanor S. Surguy.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder relieves all stomach trouble

For many years Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has been recognised in the medical and nursing professions as the most reliable scientific remedy for stomach disorders. Its gentle laxative action makes it particularly suitable for children and for adults. Get a bottle to-day.

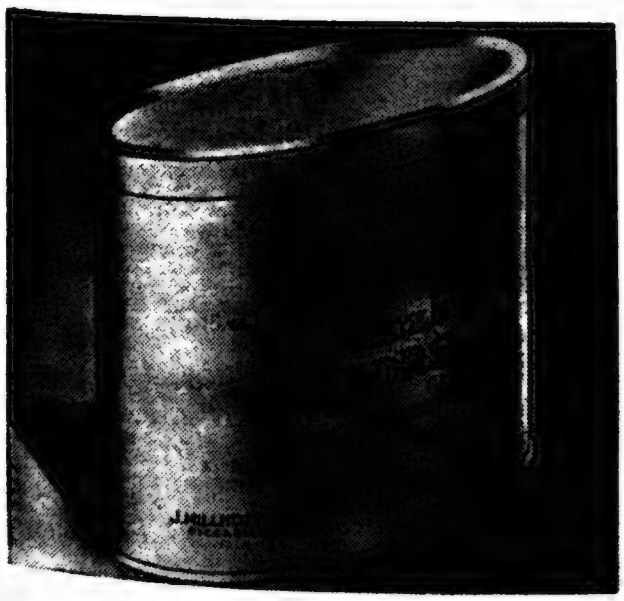
Look for the signature—

Alex. C. Maclean

The original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is never sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons, both bearing the signature "Alex. C. Maclean." That is a necessary protection against cheap imitations. All chemists sell it in Powder or Tablet form at 1/3, 2/- and 5/-.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.



Its beauty is more than tin deep

The 'Minor' tin is made for use more than for show. It keeps De Reszke Minors fresh and uncrushed as the day you bought them. Slip it into pocket, handbag or ruck-sack—whatever you do, wherever you go—the oval tin 'takes the strain.'

And what a worthy mission in life, to keep IN PERFECT CONDITION 30 De Reszke Minors. Each is a ten-minute smoke of the finest De Reszke tobacco, fragrant and well packed.

* * *

The price is 1/- for 30. Give them a trial straight away. They're at all tobacconists.

Ask for a tin of thirty De Reszke Minors

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

"Rot!"

"I'll Prove *in the first 7 days* YOU can have a Body like mine!"

—CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

DON'T get the idea that it takes a lot of time and hard work for you to get smashing strength and powerful muscles! And don't think you need a room full of apparatus. Both these ideas are all rot—and I have PROVED it! All I need is 7 days to prove what I can do for you! And I don't need any gadgets, either. I don't believe in artificial methods that may strain your vital organs for life!

DYNAMIC TENSION IS ALL I NEED

Above you see an actual photo of how I look to-day. No muscles have been "painted" on. This is the camera's honest proof of what I did for MY body. Now I'm ready to prove what my secret of *Dynamic Tension* can do for YOURS. I used to be a physical wreck, a 7-stone weakling, flat-chested, arms and legs like broom-sticks. I was worried: I studied myself. Then I found a new way to build myself up—a way that was simple, natural, quick and sure! *Dynamic Tension* is what I call it. In a short time I had the body that has won for me the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

This Secret Has Helped Thousands

Thousands of others now know from their own personal experience what *Dynamic Tension* has done for them. They were just as frail and puny as I once was. Now they are life-sized examples of what a man can and ought to be. My interesting book, filled with pictures, tells my story—and theirs.

48-Page Book FREE

This coupon brings you my free book, which tells all about it. No cost or obligation. I just want to give you proof that I can do for you what I have done for so many others: give you broad, powerful shoulders, biceps that bulge with smashing strength, a chest which stands out solid and muscular, and an evenly-developed body that will make others look like dwarfs next to you. Post this coupon TO-DAY. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 13-J, Shell-Mex House, London, W.C.2.

CHARLES ATLAS Dept. 13-J, Shell-Mex House, London, W.C.2

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic Tension* will make a New Man of me. Send me your book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*," FREE.

Name .....
Please print or write plainly.

Address .....

WHEN HEAD AND THROAT ARE CLOGGED UP WITH PHLEGM AND MUCUS FROM

CATARRH

You will find that the warm medical vapours from a Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarette (no tobacco) will bring quick relief by relieving the congestion. As you inhale the warm medical smoke it penetrates deep through the breathing passages, soothes sore and irritated membranes, loosens phlegm and restores easy breathing. For 60 years this simple treatment has been used to relieve Congestion, Colds in Head and Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, and Catarrh. Ask your Chemist about Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes. **FREE SAMPLE CIGARETTES**—address: Dr. Blosser, Ltd., Dept. 121PM Temple Chambers Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

New Enlarged Package—Old Price

Dr. BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

ILLUSION *that* Made Me Suffer

It was my biggest illusion. Death has claimed my old "boss," and his son has taken over the reins of business, and I have been told that, as my rate of production is too slow, I must make room for a speedier man."—*N. A., Tonbridge.*

I HAD only been married two years, and was an underpaid clerk in a manufacturers' office, when a relation died and left me £100.

My wife and I had often longed to open a small shop, believing that such a step would bring us prosperity, and we duly purchased a tobacconist's business, soon to learn that our dreams were but a cruel illusion. We lost our money, and were thrown on the industrial scrapheap.

Four years of soul-destroying poverty and unemployment have been the price I have paid for imagining that a shop is the "open sesame" to wealth.—*A. G., Lanarkshire.*

Welcomed!

Following a heated scene with my father, who ordered me out of the house, I left home at the age of nineteen and found work in Manchester, determined never to return.

For three years I enjoyed perfect freedom, made new friends, and became proficient at my work.

But visions of home and parents continually haunted me. Time after time that letter home was destroyed; my sense of being "unwanted" prevailed.

But visiting Liverpool for my firm, I could resist no longer. I went home! The welcome of delighted parents shattered my unhappy illusion completely.—*Headstrong, Liverpool.*

Couldn't Sing!

It was my proud parents' illusion. They thought I could sing, so with a dozen other boys I miserably attended a trial of voices for a cathedral choir.

When my turn came the organist, a famous musician, asked me what I would like to sing. Such was my nervousness that I could think of nothing except "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks."

It was a hot summer's day, and my unseasonable choice caused general laughter. This added to my discomfiture, and when the organist started playing I couldn't for the life of me sing a note.

I was ushered out in tears, but thankful that my suffering was over.—*P. S., Croydon.*

Shown How!

I was due to sit, with another fellow from the same office, for an important examination. He was regarded as not being overburdened with brains, while all my acquaintances said I was brainy enough to pass the paper.

Consequently, I was of the opinion that he needed to do much more studying than I, and when football matches were arranged, I always played while he stayed in "swotting."

He became the butt of everybody's humour, and all my friends told him I would show him how it should be done. But when the examination results were announced he had shown me how to do it.

As a result, he has risen to be under-manager, while I am still on my office stool.—*R. M., Wexford, Ireland.*

The Cost

My father did not wish me to follow his employment as a coal miner, and when I left school I was apprenticed to a pawnbroker.

My pals, who were absorbed in the pits, were, to my young mind, far more fortunate than I. Shorter hours, more pocket money, that thrilling ride in the cage, driving real ponies, managing real engines, so fired my imagination that my father had no rest until I was at last the proud bearer of a coal-grimed face.

That was twenty years ago, and a long series of accidents, strikes, lock-outs and unemployment, and a premature aged body, are the cost of my foolish illusion.—*Miner, Yorkshire.*

Position Filled

It was his fourth visit to my house, the manager of a firm opening up in opposition to my employers. And how skilfully he wove his web of illusion!

"Join us," he said. "We can give you a better job, more money, and a chance of promotion you'll never get where you are."

Well, I was married and ambitious, so it's no wonder he succeeded in persuading me to leave my old firm, and soon I was happy in my new job.

Then, a long illness, and on my return, "We're sorry, but we have had to fill your position." The illusion that any Englishman's word is his bond has caused me and mine much suffering since.—*A. G., Watford.*

Sport Victim

Transferred to a fashionable Football League Club from a poorer one, I planned my future and saw my wife free from financial worry. I sent my children to a good school, and made provision for a good start for them in business.

But my dreams were an illusion. Injury kept me out of the game for a number of weeks until the end of the season, and then a transfer fee on my head kept me unemployed while my savings gradually disappeared.

The lines on my wife's face are a constant reminder of the illusion for which I am still suffering."—*A. L., Kent.*

Too Slow

For many years I had been employed in the firm as a fitter. My employer was just and kindly disposed, and, although I was never cut out for a post of authority, I had been told my work was satisfactory, and that as long as it remained so my job was secure.

Thus, under the impression that my weekly wage was certain, I never stinted myself, but enjoyed my leisure to the full.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, September 22.

My Most Awkward Decision

Greatest Desire

A town dweller, I longed all my life for a pretty cottage in the country, with miles of green fields between me and the nearest city, and at last, with the transference of my husband to a rural district, came the fulfilment of my greatest desire.

It proved, however, my worst illusion. I am forced to fetch water from a well two hundred yards away, clean smelly oil lamps, and I suffer continual colds through treading stone floors.

Now I sigh repeatedly for the modern conveniences which were so commonplace in the town that I failed utterly to appreciate their value.—*H. H., Dorset.*

Went With Her

She came to reside near us, a charming young widow, with appealing grey eyes and a disarming smile. Feeling sorry for her in her apparent loneliness, I often invited her to our home.

She was a keen bridge player, and often joined in our parties, and eventually I came to look upon her as a dear friend.

What an illusion! Recently she left the neighbourhood, and my husband, who fell a victim to her charms, went with her.—*Evelyn, Portchester.*

Without Prospects

I had heard all about the opportunities a young man has in the West, and when I won £50 in a literary competition I booked a passage to Canada.

I thought I had friends out there who would get me a job, but when I arrived, practically penniless, they hardly seemed to recognise me.

I scraped along for a few years, never getting a good job, but being content with porter's and errand-boy's wages.

Now, a man of twenty-five, I am back in England, with my illusions about friendship—and a great life in the Backwoods—shattered.—*V. M., Nottingham.*

Painful

As long as I can remember I have been interested in boxing, and I have read most of the leading authorities on the subject.

Also, I took lessons in the noble art, purchased a punch ball and gloves, and spent hours in shadow boxing and physical culture. Then I considered myself so clever that I challenged the champion of our battalion.

What a shock I had! He knocked me about until I wished I had never been born. In the fourth round he mercifully knocked me out. I—a boxer! The idea was a painful illusion.—*Pat, West Wales.*

A Burden

As a lad I had free access to my father's bookshelves. One volume particularly interested me; it was a medical book dealing with every known disease.

I read and re-read it—with dire consequences. I became a victim, in turn, to almost every illness. In vain my parents and doctors pointed out that it was a mere figment of the imagination.

But the symptoms, to my mind, were unmistakable. I grew up commercially useless, and a burden to myself and others. Later I improved, but the "obsessions" have made me old before my time.—*R. A., Southampton.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

French Invaders

I HAVE been asked to comment on those I regard as the best of the French horses engaged in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

In the opinion of the official handicapper, Bokbul stands out in the long-distance race. A son of Blandford, Bokbul won the French St. Leger last year and was third in the Ascot Gold Cup a few months ago. I think 9 st. 4 lb. will stop Bokbul at Newmarket, and would rather take a chance with Primrose at 7 st. 7 lb.

Primrose is a daughter of Rose Prince, who won the Cesarewitch for France in 1923, and I understand she is quietly fancied.

Tempest II, whom Smirke rode in the French Derby, may be their best in the Cambridgeshire.

Note Tinkle Tinkle and Musical for Saturday's double at Windsor.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 17, to Wednesday, September 23.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U 97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

K96VOW9496A would read STRAPETO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. WVA2G would read PROOF.

This can be YOU

Thousands of women have found love and happiness by this simple never-failing plan. It will give you the fascinating girlish complexion that men adore. Every morning smooth all over your face and neck Crème Tokalon (White Colour, non-greasy). It gives a *natural looking* loveliness; makes powder spread evenly; prevents all caking or patchiness. Crème Tokalon (White Colour) contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil, with marvellous tonic and whitening ingredients. These dissolve away blackheads; tighten up enlarged pores; make the darkest, roughest skin soft, smooth and white in 3 days. Start using Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood to-day. It has helped many a girl to win the man of her heart's desire.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

ST. ELMO THREE-PIECE SET, comprising stylish Coat, Pull-on Hat, and Gauntlet Gloves, as illustrated. The Coat is produced in a reliable Tweed in a Chevron weave design, cut in double breasted style with smartly fitting collar and bold revers, storm straps cuffs welted pockets and button-trimmed half-belt at back. Lined with heavy fancy check fleece material. The Hat, which matches perfectly, has stitched brim, with mock bow and chromium slide in front, lined Art. Silk. The Gloves also match, and are made of cape leather with open gusset. Shades: Green/White; Brown/White; Navy/White. Size: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 52in. Lengths: 46 to 50in. Price **35/-**

Terms: 4/6 Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return of post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

4/6 Monthly

DOG LOVERS

AN announcement of great interest to all readers who care for their dogs' health appears on p. 12. A complete beef dog food, "RED HEART," can be obtained in three flavours, each of which will give him the right scientifically balanced diet necessary for his health, stamina and energy.

If difficulty in obtaining "Red Heart" Dog Food write mentioning "John Bull" to the address given in the announcement on page 12.

Don't overlook p. 12.

Beware of Imitations

Take It!

—And Stop Limping

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health!*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*No sign of varicose veins now.*"
"*Elasto put new life into me.*"
"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years.*"
"*My Doctor highly praises Elasto.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad legs.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*I feel 10 years younger.*"
"*It put me on my feet.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*All signs of phlebitis gone.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Elasto tones up the system and cures depression.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better.*"
"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66.*"
"*Elasto has saved me pounds.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit.*"
"*I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again.*" *Etc., Etc.*

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new blood remedy—Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised, so post your coupon NOW—while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd., (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please print in capital letters.)
ADDRESS .....
"J.B." 19.9.36 .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

Instant Relief

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

The distressing symptoms of these complaints—paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation, frantic struggles for breath—are immediately relieved by inhaling the soothing fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure. Exhaustion is avoided, complete restoration to health hastened and thus your strength is kept up. Don't delay—go straight to your chemist and get a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure. You will then be able to go through the day with comfort and ease and enjoy a night of restful sleep. Be sure to keep a supply in the home.

Potter's Asthma Cure is equally valuable for Catarrh, Croup, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough and Children's chest troubles. Free from opiates and does not cause headache.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Supplied by Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1. (*Makers of Potters Asthma Cigarettes.*)

Cleaned every day—yet it's only half-clean

ONLY HALF-CLEAN, because no brush can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Doesn't disinfect or deodorise.

COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the hidden bend in the pipe—cleans *where no brush can ever reach.* Disinfects. Deodorises, too! *In new, easy-flow tins*—6d., 1/-, 1/9.

HARPIC
Cleans Completely! Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

A PLEASANT PUNCH IN EVERY PINCH

TOP MILL SNUFF

IN HANDY WAISTCOAT POCKET TINS 2d

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Send for the Famous
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FOOTBALL LISTS

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED

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AUTUMN DOUBLE
CESAREWITCH & CAMBRIDGESHIRE
LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at
FULL STARTING PRICE
or Totalisator Returns as desired
Registered Letters must be posted overnight.
WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

Please send particulars of your Service.
I am over 21 years of age.

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& ALFRED H. MAURICE L^TD
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

Operation ordered at once for PILES but NEMOLIN saved him!

IF you suffer from piles, you'll readily understand the predicament of this London man. Tortured with itching, bleeding piles, he was finally told that only the surgeon's knife could cure him. "Two years ago", writes his son, "my father was ordered to hospital for immediate operation for piles. He did not agree, and decided to try 'Nemolin' Ointment, with the result that he improved wonderfully, and avoided the operation. 'Nemolin' in his case was almost miraculous". (W. F. C., London).

Why run the risk of the knife when there's such a safe and sure remedy available? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- a tube—relief is guaranteed or your money promptly refunded.

FREE: Send postcard (1d. stamp) for free sample: International Chemical Co., Ltd., (Dept. 29/F), London, N.16.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LISTS of Impregnable Footwear *and details of* **FREE £100 COMPETITION**

FOOT comfort is tremendously important to you. Provide yourself with Impregnable Footwear. Free illustrated lists of styles, prices, etc., and particulars of a free £100 Competition can be obtained by filling in the coupon on page 29. Send it now—while you think of it. Post in ½d. unsealed envelope.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

DENTIST (London, W.).—"My practice includes a large number of influential people." You've got a big pull.

H. L. (London, E.C.).—"I took my sister Mary out to lunch yesterday." And did she have a little lamb?

D. N. (London, S.).—"I objected because she combed her hair in public." It led to a parting?

P. N. (Maida Vale).—"I once sailed to Brighton in a small yacht." And Hove too?

B. L. (Brighton).—"How can I tell the age of a chicken?" By the teeth. Your teeth.

G. P. (London, N.).—"My wife and I are taking a small public-house called The George and Dragon." Are you George?

S. S. (Dover).—"My pals and I are at a loss where to turn for a piece of land." You are all at sea.

F. N. (Brighton).—"Too much sun-bathing is dangerous." Basking for trouble.

M. E. (Maidstone).—"Boiling in oil was once a favourite torture." Judging by sun-bathers it still is.

R. D. (Andover).—"It is impossible for anybody to revive the past." What about a theatrical manager?

T. K. (Devizes).—"Perfectly new collars were returned by the laundry with frayed edges." That's rather rough.

S. A. (Oundle).—"Most things can be preserved in alcohol." But not your dignity.

N. B. (Diss).—"I gave up playing darts in public-houses when I got married." You had your fling when you were single?

B. C. (Ealing).—"Firemen do not get much sleep during a heat-wave." Always turning out instead of in?

R. T. (Shenley).—"We have some fine old oak work in our walls, but it seems to be in a bad way." It needs a panel doctor.

OLD STAGER (Ashburton).—"When I was courting the girl always quarrelled merely for the joy of making up." Now she makes up before she starts courting.

D. L. (London).—"My only interest in football comes of keeping a football ground in order." So, of course, you disapprove of pools.

F. L. (Tring).—"A man gained entry in a London flat by pretending to be a locksmith." When suspicions were aroused he made a bolt for the door.

SUFFERER (North Berwick).—"Only a man without nerves can walk unflinchingly into a dentist's surgery." Or a man without teeth.

SCHOOLMASTER (Epping).—"The fountain-pen has ruined handwriting as such." And much handwriting has spoilt many a good fountain-pen.

C. J. (Harpenden).—"Ever since last football season our goalie has been going around on crutches." Still between the sticks.

P. P. (Colchester).—"My job as a leaflet distributor can by no means be called a sure and steady one." It's always giving out.

POLITICIAN (London).—"To paste up every Press cutting, good and bad, concerning oneself needs spirit." But one has to stick it.

H. B. (Manchester). —"The happy couple passed under an archway of shovels." The bridegroom having the pick on his arm, of course.

SPARKING PLUG (Dunfermline). —"A speeding motorist who has to brake hard to avoid striking a pedestrian generally feels like a limp rag." It certainly takes all the go out of him.

BOXER (Lambeth). —"After I had knocked out my opponent I had to admit that I was not the real boxer, but his twin brother." Your opponent found the likeness very striking.

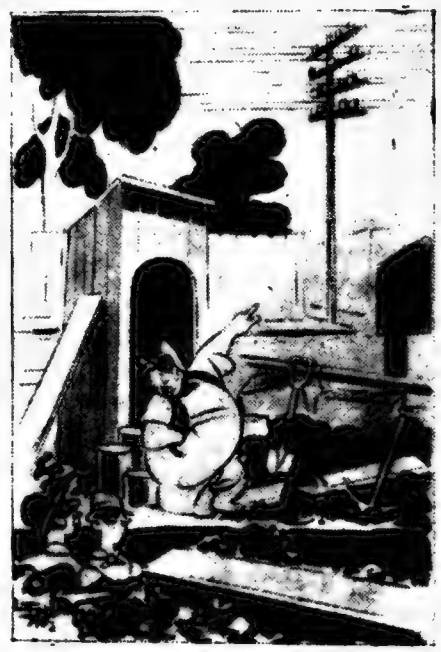
B. T. (Hawksworth).—"I am collecting queer records. Can you tell me the average time for opening a safe without the aid of the combination?" Six months.

G. L. (Newton Abbot).—"You would hardly expect an engine-driver to be appreciative of the best poetry, would you?" Well, he would naturally know a good line when he sees it.

G. L (Great Yarmouth).—"In spite of the weather, the holiday-makers seem to have had plenty of money to spend this season." Perhaps they have been spending what they had put away for a rainy day.

Motorist (Chelmsford).—"The best thing about a car is that it keeps the family in the open air at week-ends." Quite.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



"No wonder we can't find any telephone wires—they're all over-'ead!"

From "The Passing Show"

H. N. (Wimbledon).—"In the olden days barbers used to act as surgeons." Some of them still try to, even now.

D. B. (York).—"Football is a cheap form of amusement." Heavy charging is not allowed.

E. A. J. (Woking).—"Pretending to be married is a risky game." But not nearly so risky as pretending not to be.

K. G. (Lewes).—"Some wives take to bridge naturally." While others take to bridge more than they bring home.

D. S. (Boston).—"The modern girl is becoming careless and untidy." Then she is not becoming.

M. P. (Brent).—"I remained in hiding until the trespassers had filled their baskets with my mushrooms." Then you sprang up quickly?

C. D. (Arundel).—"The barber was careless and cut my ear, so I struck him with my fist. In court I put it as self-defence." Because he clipped your ear?

D. L. (Aylesbury).—"I have decided to become a vegetarian—and not on the doctor's orders." That's simple, your butcher has refused you any more credit.

INDIGNANT (Berwick). —"Who, other than a conceited and spiteful cad, looks down on people and exposes their faults to others?" A tennis umpire.

T. S. T. (Barnstaple).—"I struck a jolly good golf course while I was in the North." Which doesn't say much for your golf.

CRICKETER (Dawlish).—"Round at the club the other night a member produced a bottle of wine ninety-nine years old." We bet it never reaches its century.

T. B. (Macclesfield).—"He asked me to teach him my special game of solo, but the way he kept putting the cards wrong exasperated me." He tried your patience.

V. H. (Baldock).—"Do moles do any damage to your lawn?" Yes, heaps.

F. N. (Goole).—"Vegetarians have a zest for life." Full of beans.

J. T. (Hull).—"Many football teams rely too much on their forwards." But they have to put their backs into it.

AMATEUR (Westbury).—"I picked a bean in my garden 3 ft. long. How about that for a whopper?" Bean or story?

ENGINEER (London, S.W.).—"The dam brought nothing but trouble to the town." Then it was a curse.

ART CRITIC (Chelsea).—"Only a man can paint the sea really effectively." Or the town, for that matter.

M. D. (Atherstone).—"The thunderstorm broke without any warning." A lightning affair, eh?

HORACE H. (Newcastle). —"I enjoy the sight of girl athletes in pretty pullovers." Pretty jumpers in pretty jumpers.

B. M. (Brighton).—"I always take my wireless set on to the beach." To enjoy the radiozone?

P. S. (Kelsey).—"My wife and I always quarrel over trifles." Why, don't they taste right?

CHEMIST (Blackpool).—"I have had to dismiss my assistant." We suppose you decided to dispense with him.

L. D. (Shepperton).—"I can't quite make up my mind whether to have an early morning swim or not." You can't decide to take the plunge.

F. W. (Bath).—"When a dog howls at your door at night it is a sure sign of death." It certainly should be if you can manage to hit the dog.

F. E. (Fleetwood).—"I did not take the slightest notice of what my doctor told me." You just put your tongue out to him, as it were.

A. T. G. (Wimbledon).—"Whatever can a young man be thinking of to elope with a girl without asking her father?" Her father.

AIRMAN (Dunstable).—"While up giving meteorological information we suddenly ran into a fog-bank." Then, of course, you could make no further observations.

F. G. (Shepherd's Bush).—"The biggest people in the film profession are cooped up in the studios all day, although they are stars." But they come out at night.

[illegible] (Bath).—"The manager decided that I needed a lecture, so he waited until I left the stage, then angrily spoke to me in the wings." He told you off, eh?

K. L. (Slough).—"I am in love with the daughter, so I am now making advances to her father." This should bring him round if he's hard up.

J. P. W. (Bootle).—"My wife has already planned what she will do with that £500 I'm after in *Bullets*." Then this is just the week for a big push—enter the best *Bullet* on a coupon from page 43 and there'll be £100 pocket-money left for you.

H. B. (Lulworth).—"Although she was a good swimmer, the only spinster of the party wouldn't venture into deep water where the shore slopes sharply." Evidently she didn't want to come off the shelf.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"... and silver MEALS to members of the losing team."

THE HOLYHEAD MAIL:—"It was eventually killed by a teacher who rushed for fire TONGUES."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"... while from her employers a pair of KIND gloves were received."

EASTERN DAILY PRESS:—"And if the flowers are those PICKLED in your own garden the sight and scent of them...."

BELFAST WEEKLY TELEGRAPH:—"... he saw the prisoner in the custody of UNIFORMED officers."

CYCLING:—"—— was hurled under a Rolls-Royce proceeding in the opposite direction, and killed TWICE."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"What RAIN shall I meet, a quarter to nine or the 10.14?"

Stop PAINFUL PINCHING

Relief from the torment of new or tight shoes is yours the instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads. These thin, soothing, cushioning pads stop nagging pressure, soothe and heal sore toes and blisters. To quickly remove corns and callouses use Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads with separate medicated Disks included in every packet. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes. 1/3 per packet.

Dr Scholls Zino-pads

Help Kidneys
Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. Unknown to you, weak Kidneys may be the real cause of your Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Bladder Trouble, Headaches, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Your life may be in danger. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-tex). £1 000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new health and vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty packet. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day.

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Send a Post Card for this 108 page Catalogue of Fashions. Genuine money-saving values for every member of the family. Satisfaction or Money Back Guaranteed.

WRITE NOW!

PLEASE SEND ME FREE YOUR FASHION LIST
(This Coupon may be sent in unsealed envelope 1d. postage.)

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Dept. AB. The Dale St. Warehouses MANCHESTER

FIRST TIN FREE

IT WILL ONLY COST YOU ½d. STAMP.

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INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN
BILIOUSNESS PALPITATION GASTRITIS

OF ALL CHEMISTS. 1/2, 2/-, 5/- TINS.
Birley's is Tasteless, Harmless and British throughout.

COUPON 74(1)

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD.,
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Please send FREE 9d. Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder.

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
ADDRESS .....

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Use unsealed envelope with 1d. stamp. If outside nothing else or postage will be more. Please write clearly.

NOT A DAY GOES BY BUT SOMEBODY IS BROUGHT TO THE OPERATING TABLE through the dangers of DIRT"

Doctors and nurses see hundreds and hundreds of instances of the dreadful results of failing to guard against the dangers of dirt. Dirt is everywhere, and wherever there's dirt disease germs may breed and lie in wait to infect the tiniest open wound or to attack anyone in lowered state of health.

WHEREVER THERE'S DIRT, DISEASE GERMS MAY BREED AND BRING THESE DANGERS

CUTS AND SCRATCHES CLEANSED WITH FAMILY HEALTH

"As a miner I am constantly receiving cuts and scratches, and I find a thorough cleansing with Family Health and these cuts never go the wrong way, that is fester and become poisonous."
Testimonial No. 7920.

BAD LEG FOR YEARS

"All the bathing which I have done for years did not do it the good at once I have used your Family Health Soap."
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"SIMPLY WASHED REGULARLY WITH YOUR SOAP"

"A few years ago one of the lads had an accident which caused a terrible bruise, followed by blood poisoning. He had a nasty rash in one armpit. I washed regularly with your soap and in a very short time it healed."
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DOCTORS SAY—
DO AWAY WITH DIRT and BE SAFE

These stories prove that you are running terrible risks—and allowing others in your home to run them too—if you don't make a habit of washing with Family Health. Family Health is a perfect safeguard; it takes right out of existence the dirt which breeds disease germs.

2½d PER TABLET
TWO TABLET CARTON 5d
ALSO ECONOMY PACKET 3d

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP
PROTECTS AGAINST THE DANGERS OF DIRT INFECTION

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

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"I Was Bald All Over the Top of My Head"

His Hair Grew by using KOTALKO

OLDHAM.

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair."
H. A. WILD.

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap. They re-grow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous pore-cloggings, softening the hardened scalp and reviving new and vigorous life and growth.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HARY BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy St. (39-RF), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Packages of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO
Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP, the Tonic Shampoo.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. Easy Payments 5/- Monthly. £4.17.6

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. W. T. K. of London, writes:—"I have heard some Battery Sets, but there is nothing to touch your Three-Valve Set. It is a wonderful Set and I am proud of it."

Mr. R. O. W. of Liverpool, writes:—"I received the S.3 Wireless Set on Monday and have fixed it up and it is in splendid working order. I am very keen on music—especially on Tone. I must say the tone of your Wireless Set is marvellous—unbelievable."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

A FREE BOOK
"You and Your Home"
that You ought to possess.

"You and Your Home" is a wonderful Guide to Home Happiness. A free copy is waiting to be sent to you together with a free catalogue showing real bargains in dining room, drawing and bedroom suites—all on Drage's famous Easy Terms and Services. Fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 25 and post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp, or write mentioning JOHN BULL, to Drage, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 73-77, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Look into "JOHN BULL'S" "Shop Window" and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Valuable Bargains. See pages 2, 3 and 16.

34

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30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500
MAGNIFICENT BONUS AWARD OF "FERRANTI" ALL-MAINS ALL-WAVE RADIO
VALUE £9·9s.
SUCCESS
USE SQUARES BELOW TO WIN YOUR HUGE PENSION plus FORTUNE PRIZE OR LUMP SUM OF £800 CASH
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

THE result of our 32nd Crossword Offer will appear, as already announced, in next week's JOHN BULL. But on page 42 of this issue you will find the story of two young women entrants who shared the fine sum of £750 in the previous Contest.

Read of the thrills which their £375 Joy Wires provided. And remember that if you tackle the absorbing Clues on this page with care and common-sense, there is no reason why you should not capture outright that £500 fortune and 30s. Weekly Life Pension. No fewer than 78 competitors have already scooped our First Prize outright and *you* may be the next.

Be quick with your Squares for this fine Pension, Cash and Radio Opportunity—it is yours only until Friday, September 25.

PRESENTED on this page is the thirty-fourth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, October 8, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorous entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 34. Closing FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1936.

J.B.34

J.B.34

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 34. Closing FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1936.

J.B 34

J.B.34

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help.

FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE	AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, September 25.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 8. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 13, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should first prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

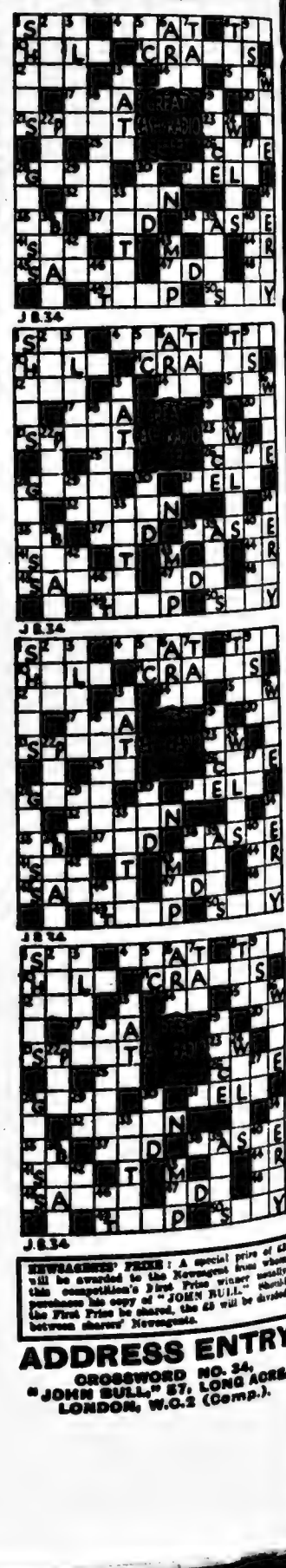
5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED



J.B.34

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J.B.34

J.B.34

CLUES ACROSS

1. Shed not quite finished
4. You'll recognise its smell when burning
8. Necessary when laundering sheets
10. Influence of some leaders on their followers is this
11. These help big stores to move their stock
12. Not even
14. Beginning and end of trip
15. Fresh
17. Long time, half erased
20. Starts dish and dinner
21. Little fish
23. In draw and away
25. Debts and credits end thus
26. You see canary in this
28. Flying insect that bites
31. Some kinds of this make long rope necessary
32. Not dirty
35. Sailor in cabin
37. Finish in descending
38. Beware of this in settling India's problems
41. Place at beginning of settlement
44. Hare without head or tail
45. Fur most women like
47. Poem in code
48. Tragedy begins thus
49. Trapper often makes for fur-bearing animals
50. Dictator too often uses his power to do this

CLUES DOWN

1. Many are pained by cheap ones
2. Bricks are carried in this
3. Older
5. Part of wreck in decay
6. Skill in Dartmoor
7. You do this to a barrel
8. Only half a score
9. Put to some purpose
13. Margarine is made up for sale with these
16. Woman who's this is more competent to have charge of children
18. Baby's noisy plaything
19. Commonly becomes more highly esteemed with age
22. Value of this depends upon its point
24. Picturesque ones are sometimes found round old cities
27. How glee begins in giggle
28. A special tool is needed for getting edge of this right
29. First part of act
30. Beware of youngster becoming an objectionable one
33. Go in
34. May give an intoxicating drink
36. Girl without one is apt to look depressed
39. Crash often follows their work
40. Kiddie's "good-bye"
42. Thumb without middle
43. Used for cleaning floors
46. End of belt in Malta

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

CROSSWORD NO. 34,
"JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL

costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL

costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"

FIANCEE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6 as I paid for other soaps which were not so good, and the lovely perfume comes from the Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful. Everyone should try this beautiful soap, originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Zee-Kol Pills together with the use of Zee-Kol Soap keep one perfectly slim and in perfect health. The skin will radiate health. The Zee-Kol Soap puts the natural oils after washing. Zee-Kol Pills are sold, price 1/3 and 3/- per box.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.

(Dept. 314),
40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SHAVEX NO SOAP REVOLUTION IN SHAVING NO BRUSH

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the World. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING

which takes a quarter of the time.

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles, and keeps the face in perfect condition.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Blade of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in

6d., 1/- & 1/6 TUBES & 1/6 POTS

The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

JACK: Good heavens, man, aren't you ready yet? We are late already for dinner and may miss the speeches.

REG.: It's no use. I can't go without a shave. I have not shaved for two days, my skin is too sore, and shaving soap only makes it worse.

JACK: Good lord, you don't use the old brush and soap method! Send out at once for a tube of Shavex and your skin will feel soothed and you will shave in a couple of minutes. You will feel as fresh as a daisy and your skin will feel like satin and all the soreness will disappear.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R. 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, but restores the natural oils; it makes and keeps the skin really beautiful, and is a perfect base for powder. It keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST: By Jove, what a beautiful woman Margaret Duncan is—I must paint her for the Academy. But I shall never be able to put that perfect complexion in a painting.

HIS LADY FRIEND: Well, my dear Richard, that perfect complexion you see was absolutely dreadful six weeks ago, and she was in despair until I told her of Doge Face Cream Restorer, and now she is my Best Friend.

ARTIST: Well, my dear, you certainly have a beautiful complexion, but then you always have had a beautiful complexion.

LADY FRIEND: Yes, I have been using Doge Cream a long time.

ARTIST: You women can always find out a secret remedy for the complexion.

LADY FRIEND: Yes, but none like Doge Cream.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

Per Pot - - 1/-
Large Pot - 2/-
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.

The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.13), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

ALTHOUGH she knew that her husband had gone for a swim, Mrs. A. Ring, of 37, Onslow Road, Rochester, Kent, was not unduly alarmed when she heard that a man had been found unconscious in the open-air baths.

Ten minutes later her sister rushed up with the tragic news, "It is Arthur, your husband . . . they have taken him away in a car."

As the unfortunate man, who died before reaching hospital, was a registered reader of JOHN BULL a cheque for £100, the benefit provided for fatal drowning accidents under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift, was promptly despatched to his widow.

£798 PAID TO REGISTERED READERS LAST WEEK.

Altogether during the past week JOHN BULL has distributed no less a sum than £798 7s. 8d. to registered readers or their dependents. Details are as follows:

Household and sickness benefits	£328	7	8
Accidents—adults ..	£117	0	0
Accidents—children ..	£353	0	0

JOHN BULL provides benefits for accidents in the home and garden, on the sports fields, while bathing and boating, loss by burglary, children's accidents, etc.

Moreover, "John Bull" is the only paper to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS Benefit.

THIS IS ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND PROTECTION. One registration on the forms below covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen). If you have not yet registered, SIGN THIS GREAT CHARTER OF SAFETY TO-DAY.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 19/9/36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 19/9/36

FIVE BIG WINNERS with a MESSAGE FOR YOU

MORE than half the competitors in *Bullets*, we estimate, are not yet availing themselves of the best obtainable aid to success.

Perhaps you are amongst them, depriving yourself of the free weekly help of *Bullets Bulletin*, the bright and entertaining guide, philosopher and friend which arrives by post each Thursday for all who have reserved a copy.

The *Bullets* judges, of course, are not concerned with whether you are a reader or not. What they consider is the merit in your *Bullets*. But, with the clear and practical guidance of JOHN BULL'S free weekly for would-be winners, you can hardly fail to put more merit into your efforts.

Here, to prove that point, are messages for you from five recent First Prize-winners.

* * *

"Of course I take *Bullets Bulletin*. I always turn to the back page to see if any of my efforts are amongst the failures reviewed!"

Those are the words of Mr. W. A. Pickard, 232, St. Paul's Road, Preston. And preparing thus for the worst led this cinema commissionaire to the best—in the shape of a £500 First Prize fortune in *Bullets* 1,024th Contest.

* * *

"I have always read *Bullets Bulletin* with interest: its advice showed me clearly the type of efforts the judges want." That tribute came from Mr. F. A. Russell, 63, Coronation Road, London, the young clerk whose First Prize in *Bullets* No. 1,029 consisted of £1,500 and a Motor-car.

* * *

"My successes are largely owing to *Bullets Bulletin*," said Mr. E. Pearce, 81, Bellingham Road, Chesham, Bucks, who crowned over four years of consistent winning with a £500 triumph in *Bullets* 1,034th Contest.

"One cannot fail to be attracted and made to feel at home by this great little work," he went on. "It is indispensable to all serious competitors."

* * *

"I have obtained valuable help from *Bullets Bulletin*," declared Mr. J. P. Brandon, 1, Railway Cottages, Grangetown, Sunderland, winner of £500 and a Holiday Tour in Contest No. 1,036.

"The efforts reproduced in the £20 Weekly Judging Contest prove a very helpful guide," added this young shoe salesman.

* * *

"After a thorough study of the many hints and good advice in *Bullets Bulletin*, I prepare my efforts and submit them to my other assistant—my wife," declared Mr. V. Wheelan, 69, North Way, Lewes.

He is the prison officer who captured the First Prize £500 and *Queen Mary* award in our 1,037th Contest.

* * *

Two three-halfpenny stamps on that easy Reservation Coupon on the opposite page will bring you a regular six weeks' supply of this bright little weekly in time to benefit from its hints for *Bullets* mammoth 24th Birthday Contest.

Your best plan, as you will see, is to post it with your entry for this week's fine Offer. Thus you ensure that any cash prize of £2 or more which you may win this week will be accompanied by a special *Bulletin* Bonus Award of a magnificent £15 15s. "Vidor" All-wave Radiogram.

Mr. Pickard opened the door to £500.

RECORD BIRTHDAY OFFER COMING!

Our 24th Birthday Contest, No. 1,048, will be headed by a Giant First Prize of £3,000 cash with unique Security Pension and 123 other fine Birthday Cheques. Look out, also, for another Sensational Surprise in this offer of prizes value over £5,000!

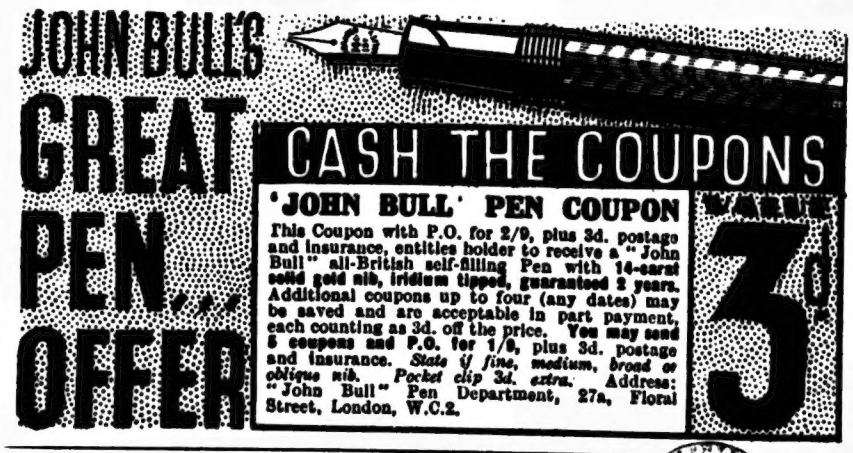
★ FREE OFFER

A GENEROUS free sample of Elasto, the wonderful Biological Remedy, is offered to all readers suffering from Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Eczema, Rheumatism and other painful Leg Troubles. This will be sent, post free, together with an interesting booklet which fully explains how Elasto treats these distressing ailments through the blood. Fill in the coupon on page 37 now, while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!!

Be Rid of Your Digestive Trouble

by accepting this Free Offer.

THREE out of every four cases of Indigestion are invariably intestinal. Cicfa, which banishes pain from Stomach and Intestines easily and quickly, is one safe remedy. Don't delay—accept the free sample offer on the Back Cover and enjoy the blessing of perfect digestion. Simply send a postcard (1d. stamp) with your name and address, mention "John Bull" and post to The Cicfa Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.41, King George's Avenue, Watford, and a free supply of Cicfa will come by return.


JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN...
OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
3

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,042.

First Prize, £500 plus £50 Radiogram as announced:

H. FLEMING, 43, Academy Street, Bathgate, N.B.

Example: BIG GUNS
Bullet: "BRAVE" DISPLAY OF—FEAR!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50 PLUS RADIO:
R. GRAY, 8, Killermont Road, Glasgow.
Example: Good-bye, Grundy
Bullet: Show *You've* Got Legs!

THIRD PRIZE, £25 PLUS RADIO:
W. GEE, 145, Lynton Road, Acton, W.
Example: Grandpa's 80, But
Bullet: "Umpire's" His Life-long Friend.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: T. PEAKINS, 31, Hambrough Road, Southall.
Grim And Forbidding—Future, Without Hope's "Fortress."

£15: —. DUNGEY, Hayselden, Sissinghurst, Kept Back—By Illness Homework Caused!

£10: G. ARTHUR, c/o 15, Regent Street, Beverley.
In Sunny Spain—Churches Becoming Other "Beacons."

£9: C. CLARK, 66, Brampton Road, East Ham.
Unprotected—And Unexpected, "King Inspected——."

£8: P. ECCLES, 2, Bk. Perry Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
In Sunny Spain—Mutual Loss, *Tourist* "Army."

£7: Miss E. PICKARD, 20, Moorhead Crescent, Shipley.
Foreign Goods—First "Undesirables" Coronation's Attracting.

£6: J. CORFIELD, 30, Dorrit Street, Liverpool.
Laying The Foundation—Of "Music," Nation's "Discord."

£5: C. LANE, 93, Woodland Gardens, Isleworth.
At Our Annual Dinner—Annual Diners You'd Think!

£4: A. MILLS, Osborne Street, Rhos, Wrexham.
Hypocrisy—The *Bible* "Thumps" *That*.

£3: H. EVANS, "Cranleigh," Hemsworth Road, Ackworth
Now She's Gone—Mother's "Memory" Still Helps.

12 OF £2 10s. EACH:

D. BAXTER, Balsdean Pumping Station, nr. Rottingdean, Brighton.
Now We've A Maid—Only Ma's Finger-tips Dirty!

W. BUNDY, 117, Movers Lane, Barking, Essex.
Big Guns—Much Quieter, Given Rifles.

A. CRAWFORD, 10, Third Avenue, Renfrew.
The Guide—Concluding, Showing Ancient *Coins*.

Mrs. HAYNES, 39, Inverness Road, Birmingham.
Man On The Bench—Poor—Birds Think Millionaire.

Mrs. M. HUGHES, 28, Bryn Road, Llanelly.
Grim And Forbidding—Village Constable—Only Indigestion!

Mrs. L. JOHNSON, 9, Butleigh Avenue, Cardiff.
Makes Me Boil—"Oven" "Builder Called "Kitchenette."

Mrs. A. PAGE, 53, Felstead Crescent, Sunderland.
Grandpa's 80, But—Raises *Elbow* Without Effort!

E. ROGERS, 18, West Park Terrace, Crownhill.
Makes Me Boil—Meals Cold—Envelopes "Steamed."

J. RUTHERFORD, 13, Stirling Street, Galashiels.
Now She's Gone—Gardening's Tame—Garden's Wild.

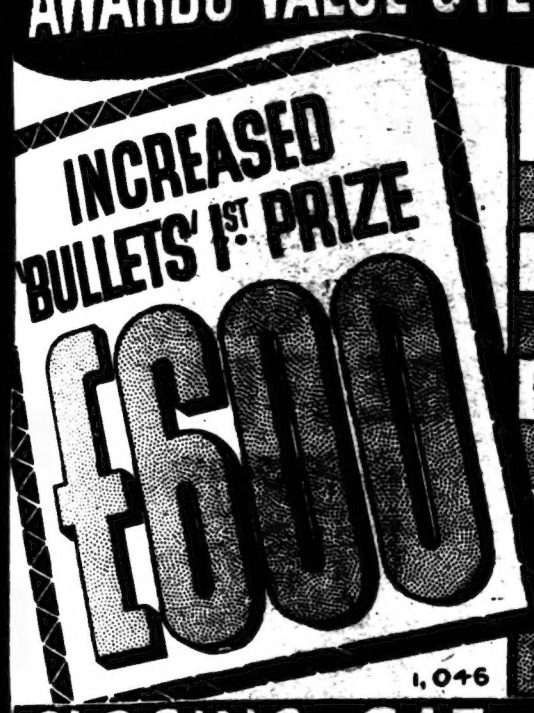
Mrs. M. E. SETCHELL, 46, Green Wrythe Lane, Carshalton, Surrey.
Now We've A Maid—*Brooms* Last Longer, Anyway.

W. STOKES, 5, Avenue Road, Dover.
Our Sunday Programme—Television Broadcasting British Museum?

H. WELLS, 130, Clarendon Street, Dover.
Made To Last—Machinery—To Go, Men.

Each of the above winners up to £50 will also receive a "Philips" All-mains Radio set, as will 25 of £1 10s. A list of these, together with 560 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at these offices.

CASH AND FINE BONUS AWARDS VALUE OVER £1,700 IN SENSATIONAL ONE-WEEK RADIOGRAM OFFER



49 OTHER BIG CASH PRIZES

£50 £25 £20
£15 £10 £9.10
£9 £8.10 £8
£7.10 £7 £6.10
£6 £5.10 £5
£4.10 £4 £3.10
£3 30 of £2

UP TO **50** £15·15s 'VIDOR' ALL-MAINS ALL-WAVE RADIOGRAMS

To each of the 50 winners of £2 and over in this Competition who have used coupon below to secure (or extend) supply of "Bullets" Bulletin, "John Bull" will present a superb "Vidor" £15.15s. All-wave Radiogram—the finest Bonus ever offered.

ENCLOSE THIS FREE BONUS COUPON WITH YOUR ENTRY

£5.15s. RADIOGRAM BONUS CAN ONLY BE SECURED BY US CLOSING THIS COUPON WITH ENTRY FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,046.

CUT ROUND DOTTED LINE

N.B.—Cross out line in coupon above which does not apply to you.

CLOSING SAT. SEPT. 26

SHARE IN THIS SHOWER OF "BULLETS" CASH AND RADIOGRAMS!

YOU have one week and one week only to enter for the enormous *Bullets* Offer before you to-day. By bringing prizes and Bonus Awards value over £1,700 within the reach of "Bulleteers," it constitutes one of the finest seven-day portunities ever known.

For each of the 50 best *Bullets* received a substantial JOHN BULL cheque is waiting. d. with every one whose winner has qualified by enclosing with entry the *Bulletin* mus Coupon provided above, there will go a superb £15 15s. "Vidor" All-wave dio Gramophone.

Not only British and European stations are at the command of the owner of one these Wonder Radiograms. Under rmally good conditions, America comes quite clearly. Then turn a knob and, an instant, South Africa or even Australia may be heard at your fireside. Flick switch, turn the knob again and you e back at your favourite home station. n the gramophone side, too, you will joy the fine reproduction; its effect is most as though the artists were performing in your own home.

OW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

WHEN starting to make *Bullets*, select from the list of *Examples* provided few that seem to you particularly omising and jot down all the ideas that rike you in close connection with each e.

Such notions will naturally be crude d unpolished in their first form, but ey will serve as just the raw material u need to shape into polished *Bullets*. ch of your completed efforts, remember, ust consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR rds of apt and original comment, closely nked with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, your rough note ainst the *Example*, IGNORING THE LIGHT, as *Motorist Liable To Cause Tragedy*. rom this you could easily produce the pical *Bullet*, IGNORING THE LIGHT— OADHOG MAY "DARKEN" HOME.

Before starting on your own efforts, study osely the successful *Bullets* in our 042nd Contest which appear on the pposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* ithout delay, for your entry *must* reach e judges by Saturday, September 26.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 1,046

TO HEAL THE WOUND
TAKES A MAN
IGNORING THE LIGHT
AFTER THE GAME
GOOD SPREAD
BEST OF EVERYTHING
NASTY JOLT
THE CONSPIRATORS
HORRIBLE
HE'S BACKWARD, SO
HE LOST HIS NERVE AND
CHOKED
CRYING FOR MERCY
GLOOMY CHAP
NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT
WHEN DAD TOOK THE CHAIR
BLUSTERING
CLEVER JOCKEY
"HANDS OFF!"
LIKE LIGHTNING
SAID THE THIEF
PAID FOR
PRETTY PASS
MERRILY
IMPORTANT DISCOVERY
WORKING UNDERGROUND
IF MOTHER WERE RICH
DIFFERENT STORY
HUSHED
LOSING HER CHARM
WITH A HEAVY HEART
UNCALLED FOR
FIRST BLOW
STOOL OF REPENTANCE
JARRING NOTE
HAPPY ENDING

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being correctness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co./". Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,001 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £600 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,001 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. E. Youngs, Post Office, Blackburn, Gt. Yarmouth.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,046) Closing SAT., Sept. 26.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Address ..... Signed .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,046) Closing SAT., Sept. 26.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,046) Closing SAT., Sept. 26.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,046) Closing SAT., Sept. 26.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

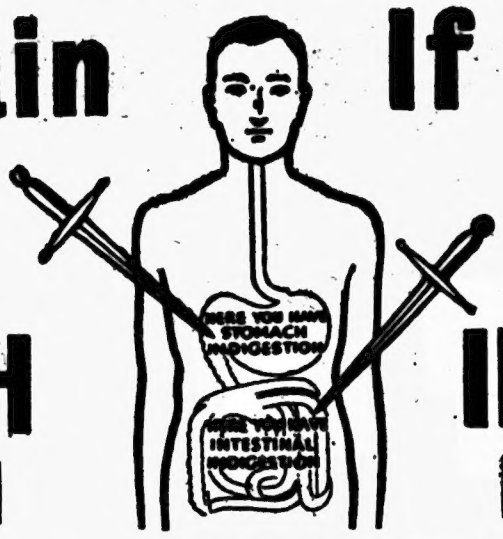
Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Remember to Enclose Bonus Coupon if You Want a Radiogram!

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,046, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

INDIGESTION SUFFERERS!

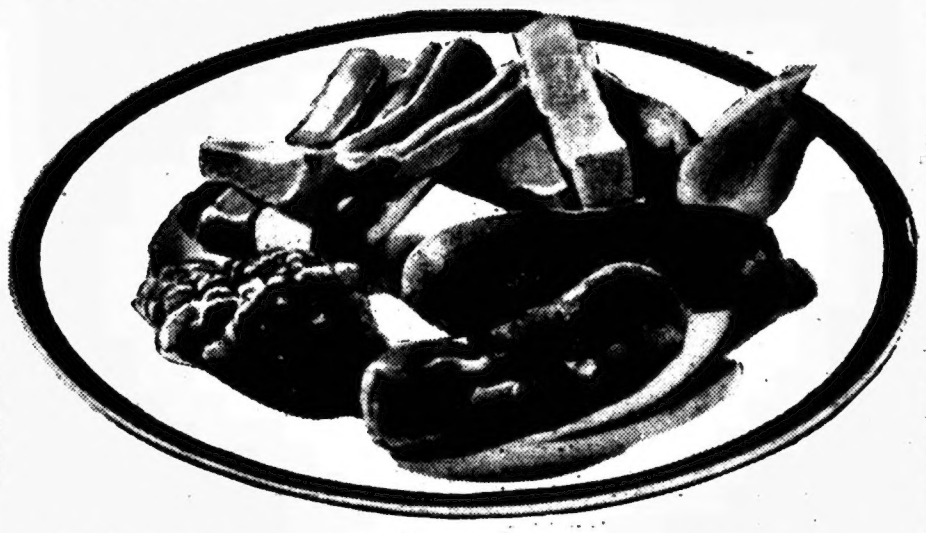
If Your Pain is Here IT'S STOMACH INDIGESTION



If Your Pain is Here IT'S INTESTINAL INDIGESTION

DO YOU HAVE THESE SYMPTOMS OF STOMACH INDIGESTION ?

DO YOU HAVE THESE SYMPTOMS OF INTESTINAL INDIGESTION ?



PAIN behind LEFT SHOULDER

Indigestion causes irritation of the nerves which lie in the stomach lining. The pain passes along a nerve in the back between the shoulders.

ACIDITY

Sufferers who take remedies to dispel acidity are not removing the CAUSE of this distressing symptom. Only a remedy which actually helps you to digest your food can banish acidity for good.

BLOTCHY SKIN

Indigestion causes 'blood' starvation. This is soon seen in your skin, in spots and blotches. To remove this condition you must remove your indigestion.

DISLIKE OF FOOD AND NAUSEA

A feeling of sickness without actual vomiting. Until the stomach is emptied of undigested food you cannot expect to find pleasure in the thought of another meal, however much your system may need the nourishment.

Also Heartburn, Palpitation, Sharp Headaches, White Tongue and Nausea

DON'T LET GOOD FOOD MAKE YOU SUFFER!

Look at this meal of sausages, chipped potatoes, and apple sauce. The meat is digested in the stomach. The potatoes, sauce and all the fat is digested in the INTESTINES. If a meal like this gives you discomfort then it is almost certain that you have INTESTINAL indigestion. Why go on suffering pain after eating, sometimes for months or years, because you have found stomach remedies fail? Frequently there is nothing whatever wrong with your stomach. It is the INTESTINES which are failing to digest the starches, the sugars, the fatty foods. The stomach is not meant to digest more than lean meat, eggs, fish, and part of vegetables and milk.

CICFA brand TABLETS not only remove all the symptoms of Stomach trouble. They banish INTESTINAL indigestion also, thus removing every CAUSE underlying the pain and discomfort. Get some CICFA Tablets to-day. All Chemists stock this wonderful remedy. Begin your meals with a tablet. You will feel very, very different even after the first meal or so. And in a few days the change in your health, the difference in your feelings, the new appetite and vigour WILL ASTONISH YOU.

CONSTIPATION ON HOLIDAYS

Many persons suffer from constipation on holidays. This is due to indigestion, which results from change of diet, etc. Take a tube of Cicfa with you, and ensure freedom from this distressing symptom, and perfect digestion of your food, *thus adding greatly to the enjoyment and benefit of your holiday.*

CONSTIPATION AND GRIPING PAINS

Undigested food turns into small hard starch balls which obstruct the passage of waste. Constipation results, and poisons are drawn into the system.

DULL HEADACHES

Poisons from decaying undigested food soon destroy the purity of your blood, and give rise to dull persistent headache. Your head is a 'sensitive' symptom of intestinal indigestion.

BILIOUSNESS

Many people blame their liver when all the time their trouble is indigestion in the intestines. If you suffer 'liverish' symptoms, irritability, giddiness, weariness, attend to the real cause of the trouble.

TONGUE YELLOW AT BACK

Look at your tongue. If it is yellow at the back it indicates indigestion in the intestines. Bad breath often goes with this common symptom.

Also Flatulence, Yellow Tongue, No Appetite, Acidity causing Rheumatism

CICFA

(Pronounced 'SIK-FAH') *Brand Tablets*

FOR STOMACH AND INTESTINAL INDIGESTION

OF ALL CHEMISTS 1/3 AND 3/-

FREE SAMPLE

Send a postcard (1d. stamp) with your name and address and receive a Free Supply of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample given to each family. Address your postcard: The CICFA Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.41, King George's Avenue, Watford.

POST NOW!

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